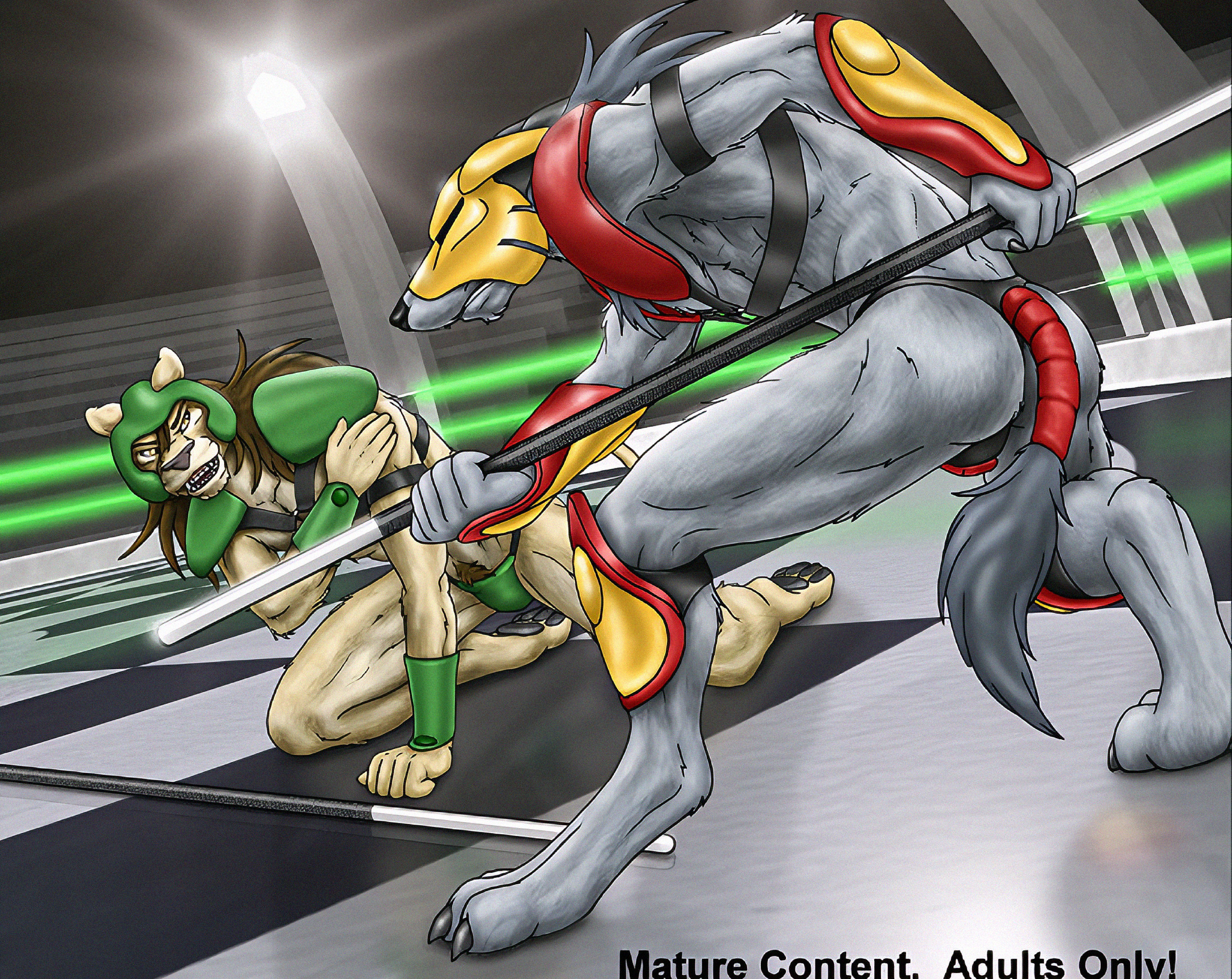
FURNATION

Issue #1
US $10

A Magazine Beyond Imagination!

Art and Stories by:
Wookiee, Werepuppy,
K-9, and Razee!



Mature Content. Adults Only!

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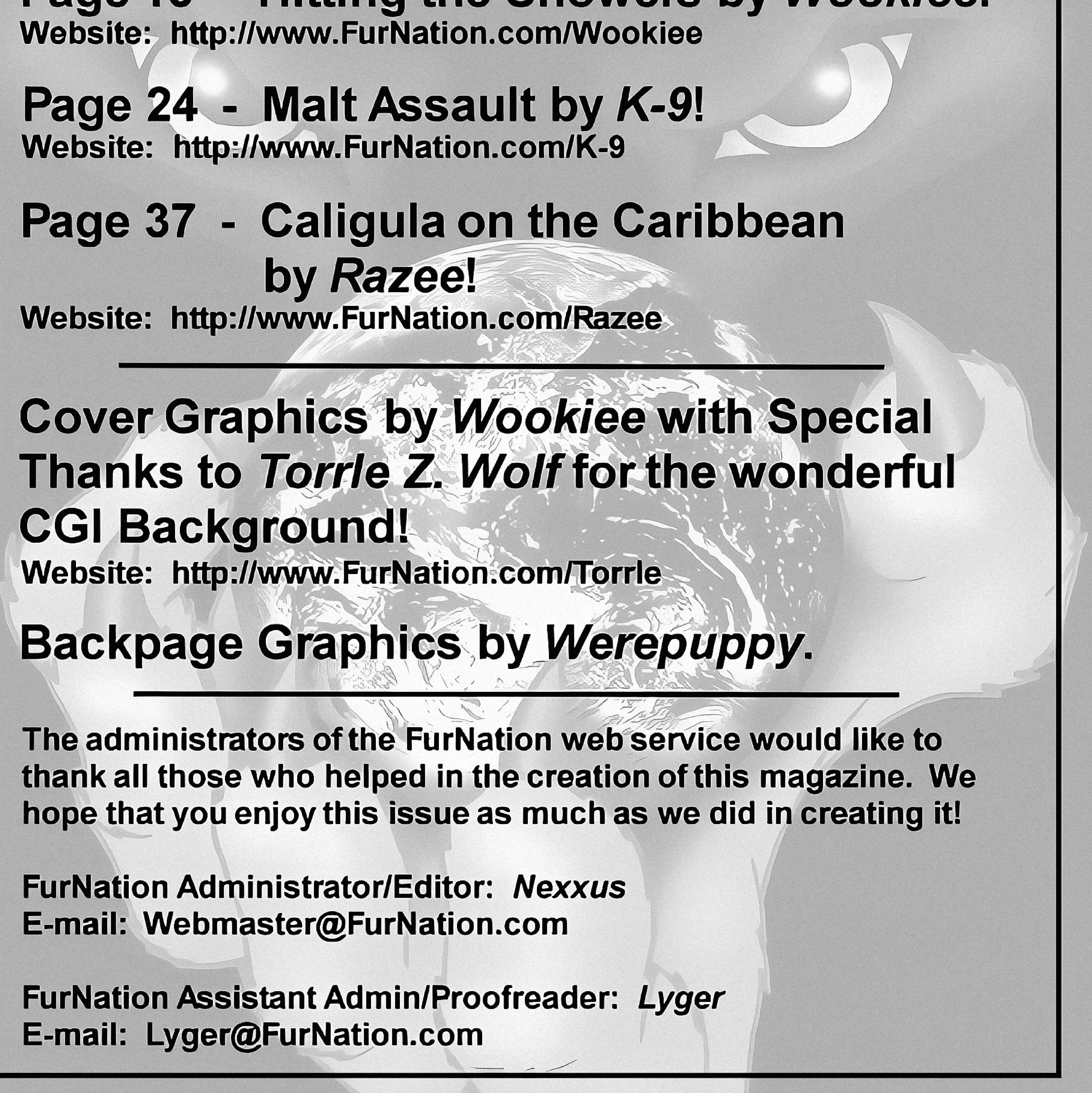

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Cover Graphics by *Wookiee* with Special Thanks to *Torrle Z. Wolf* for the wonderful CGI Background!
Website: http://www.FurNation.com/Torrle

Backpage Graphics by *Werepuppy*.

The administrators of the FurNation web service would like to thank all those who helped in the creation of this magazine. We hope that you enjoy this issue as much as we did in creating it!

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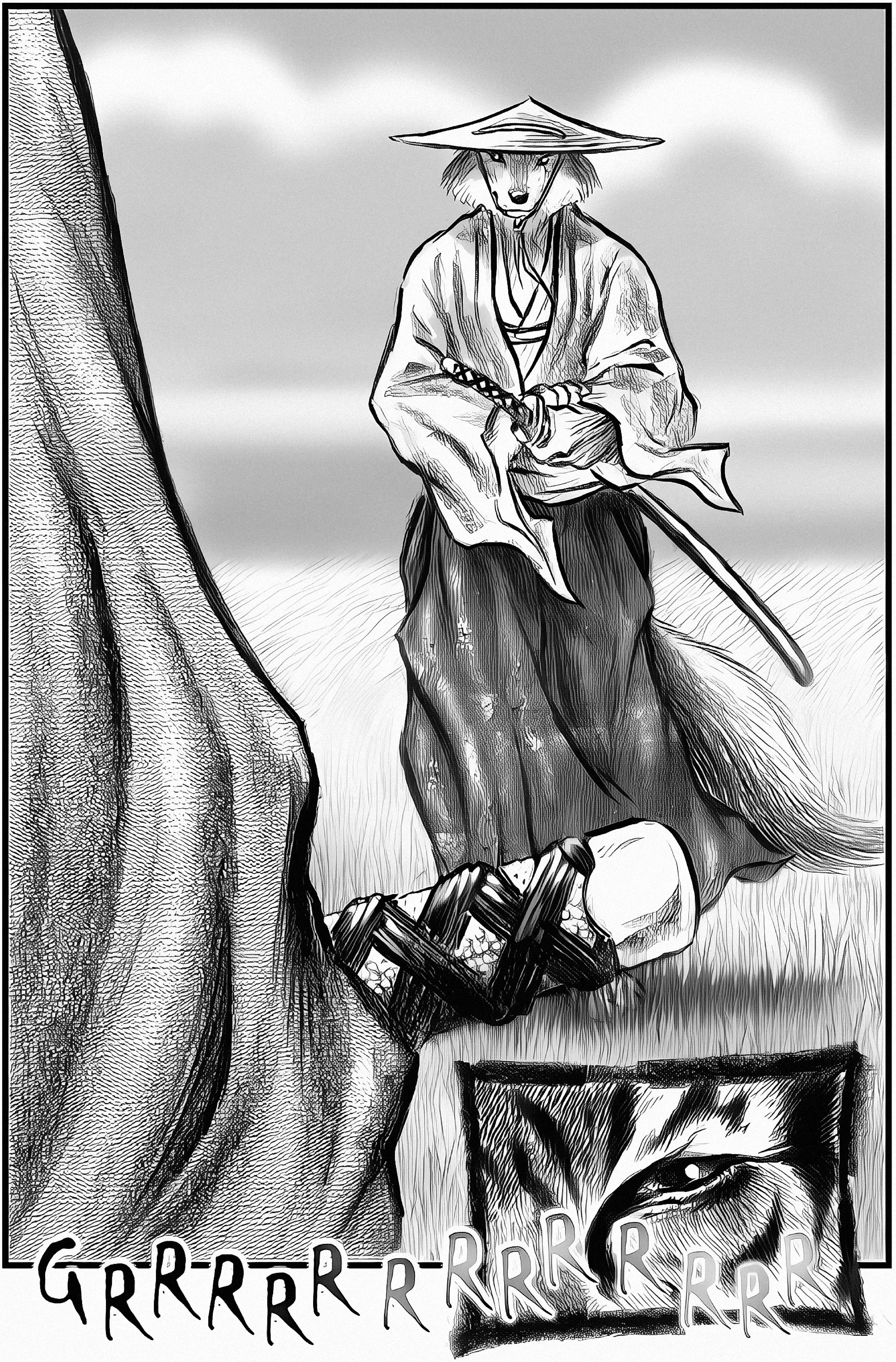
FUR & FURY

WARS OF THE SAMURAI

Story & Art Copyright 2000, by Eric "WerePuppy" Mars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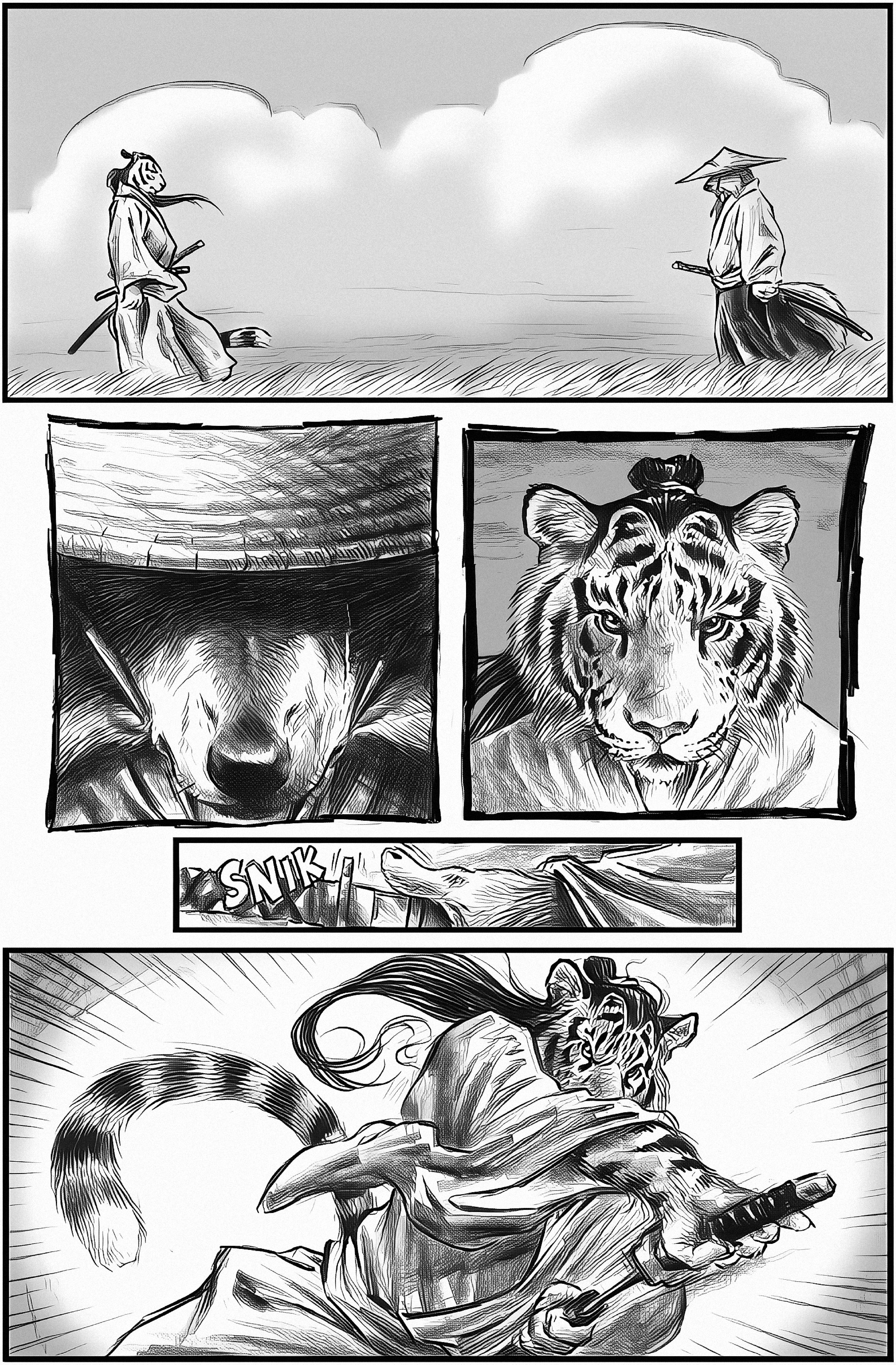
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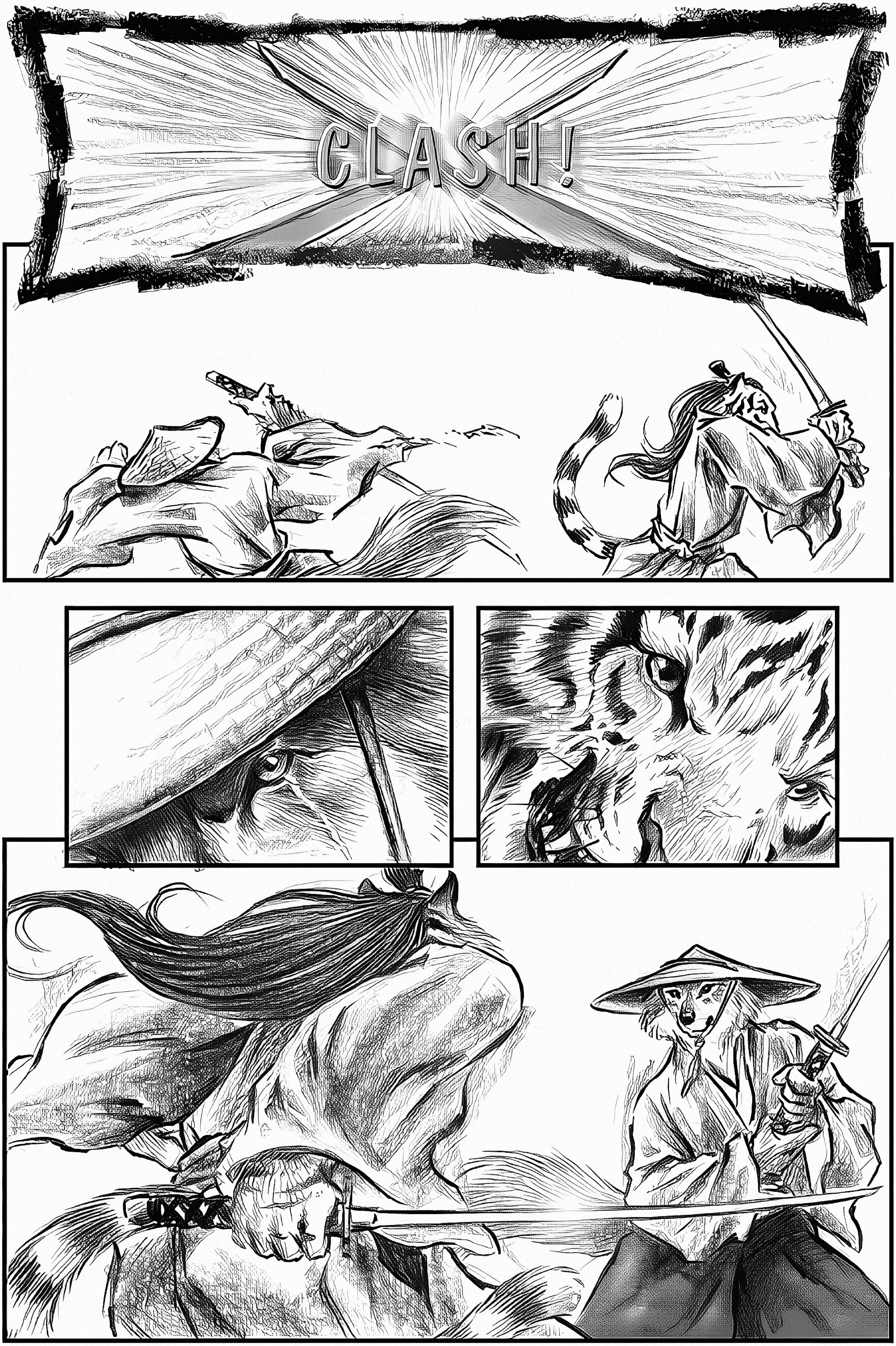
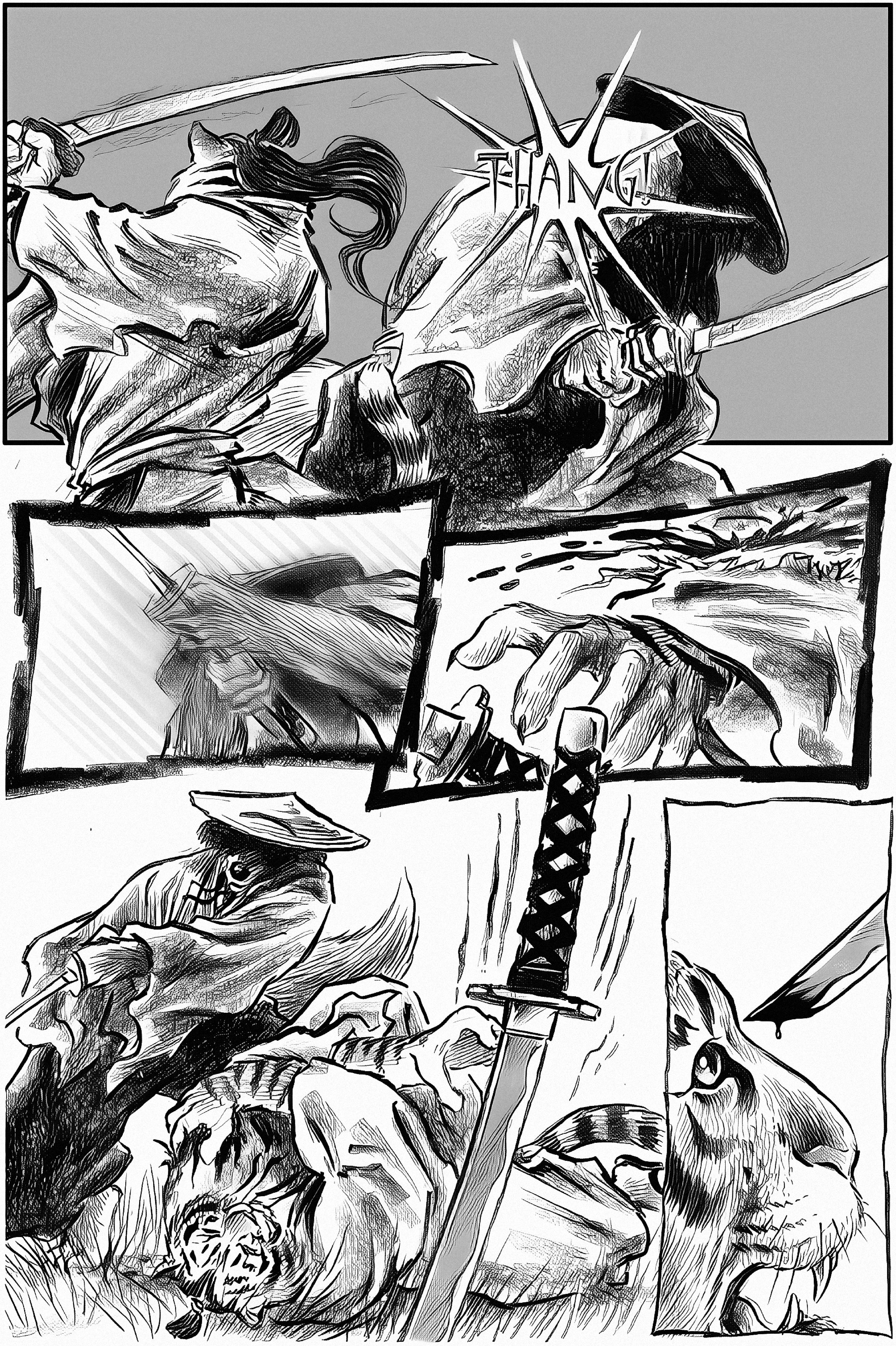
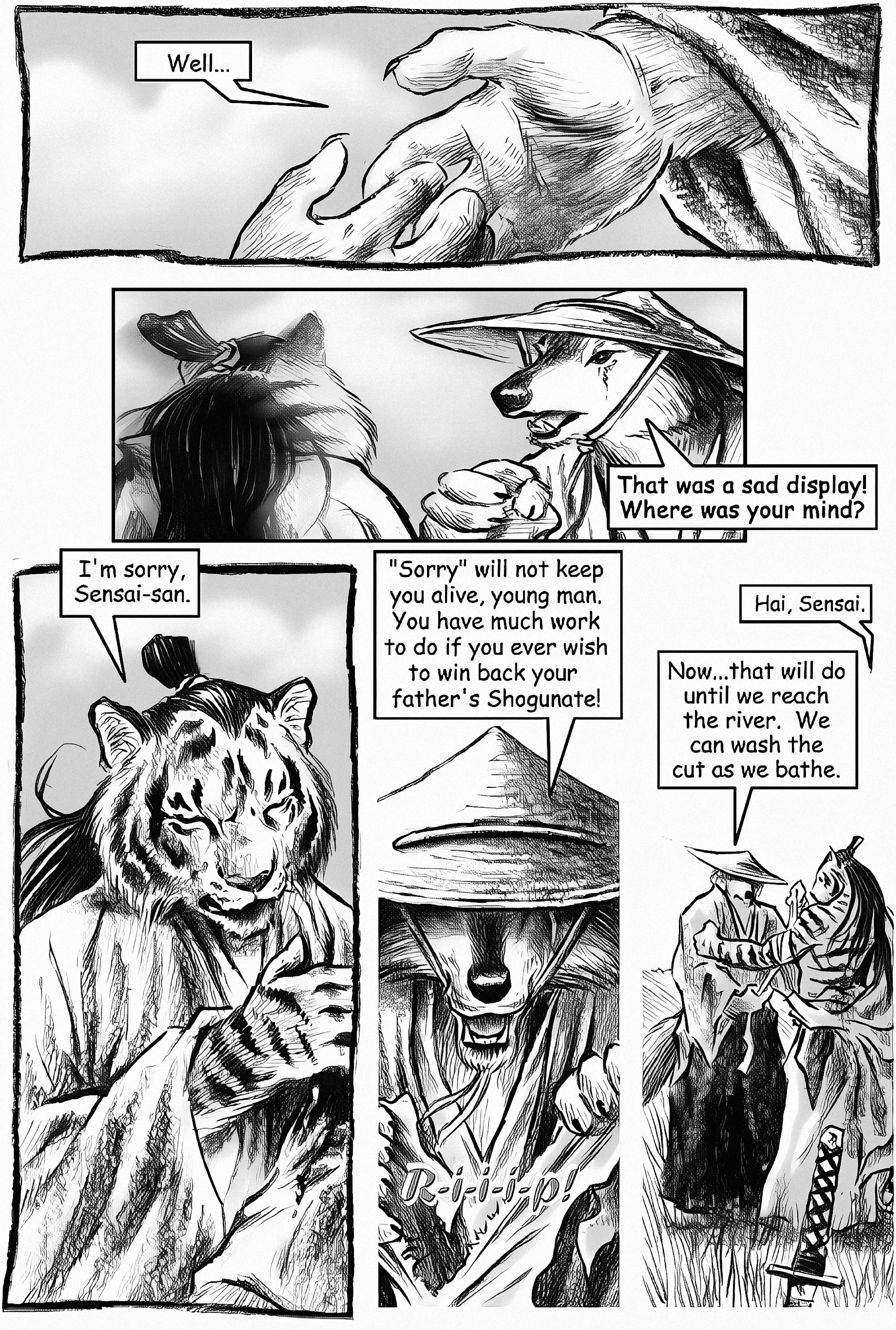
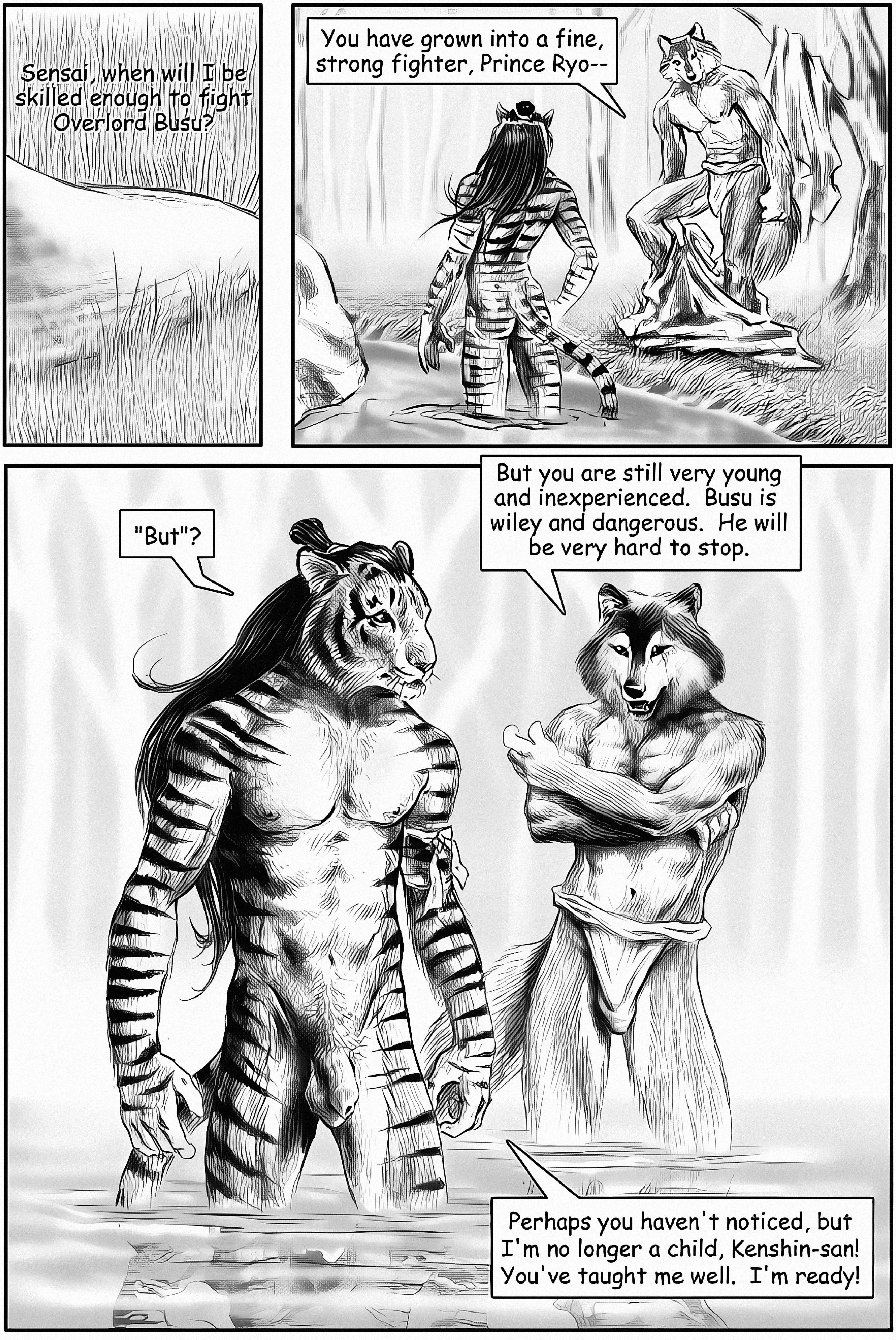
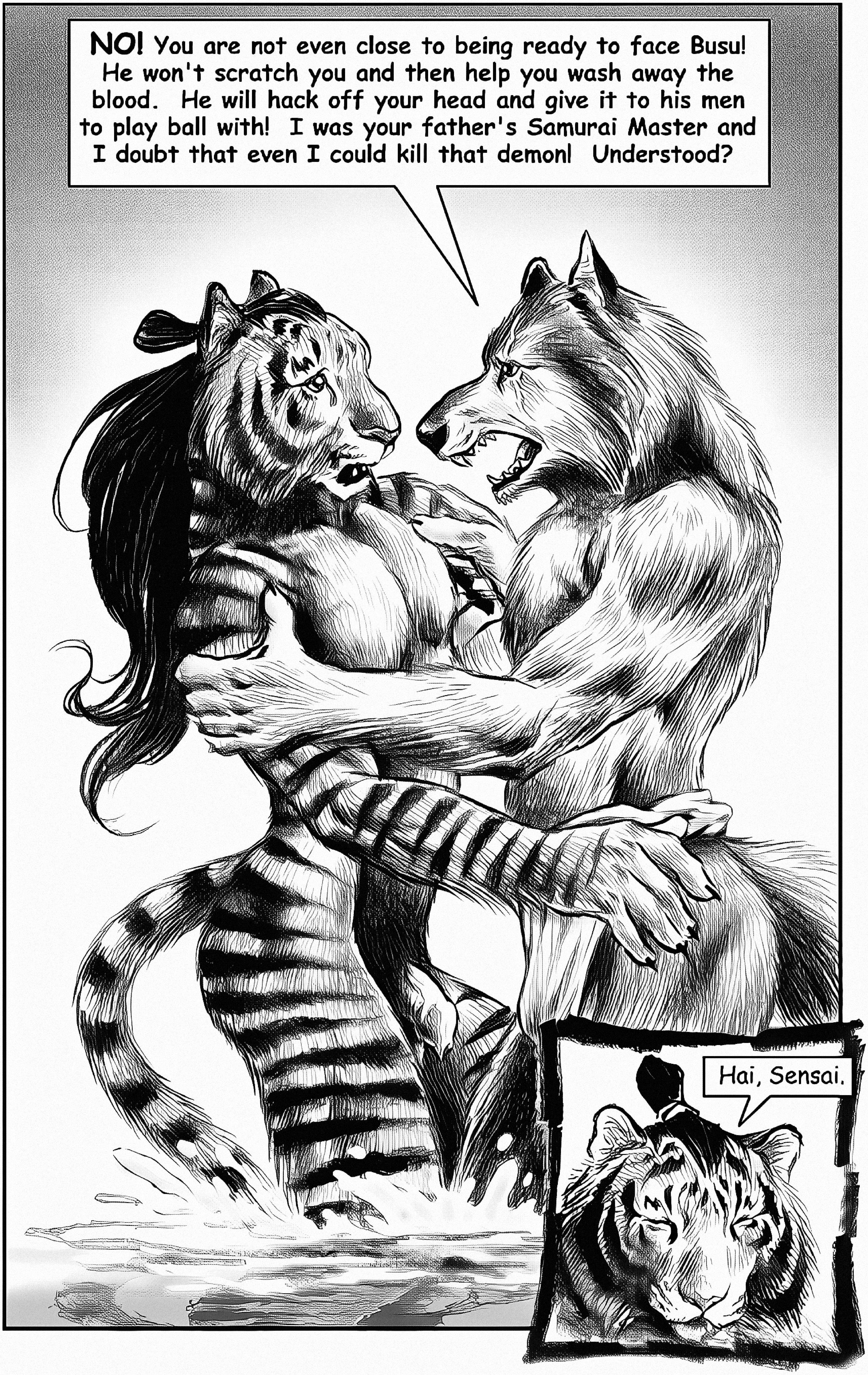
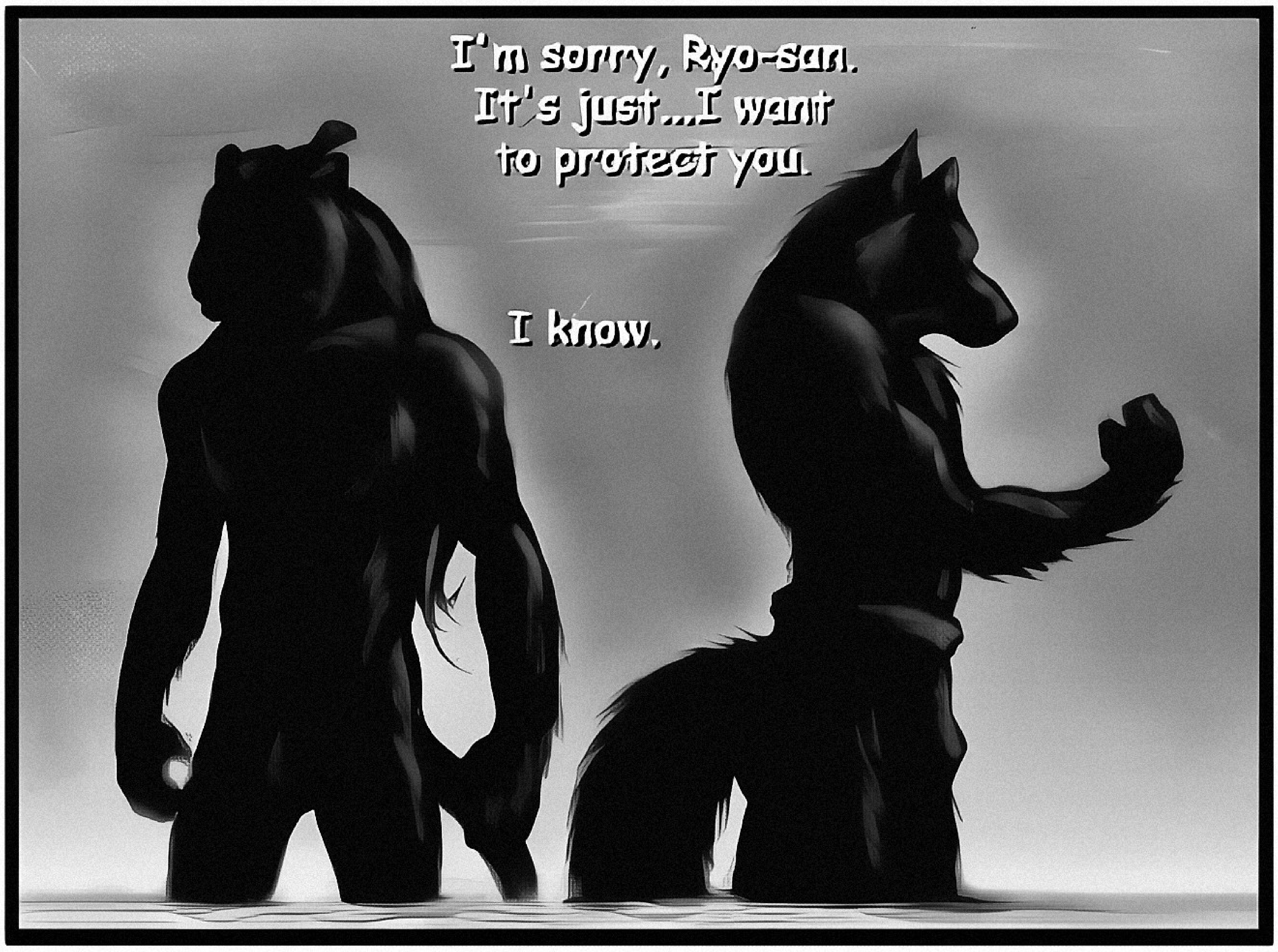

CLASH!


THANG!

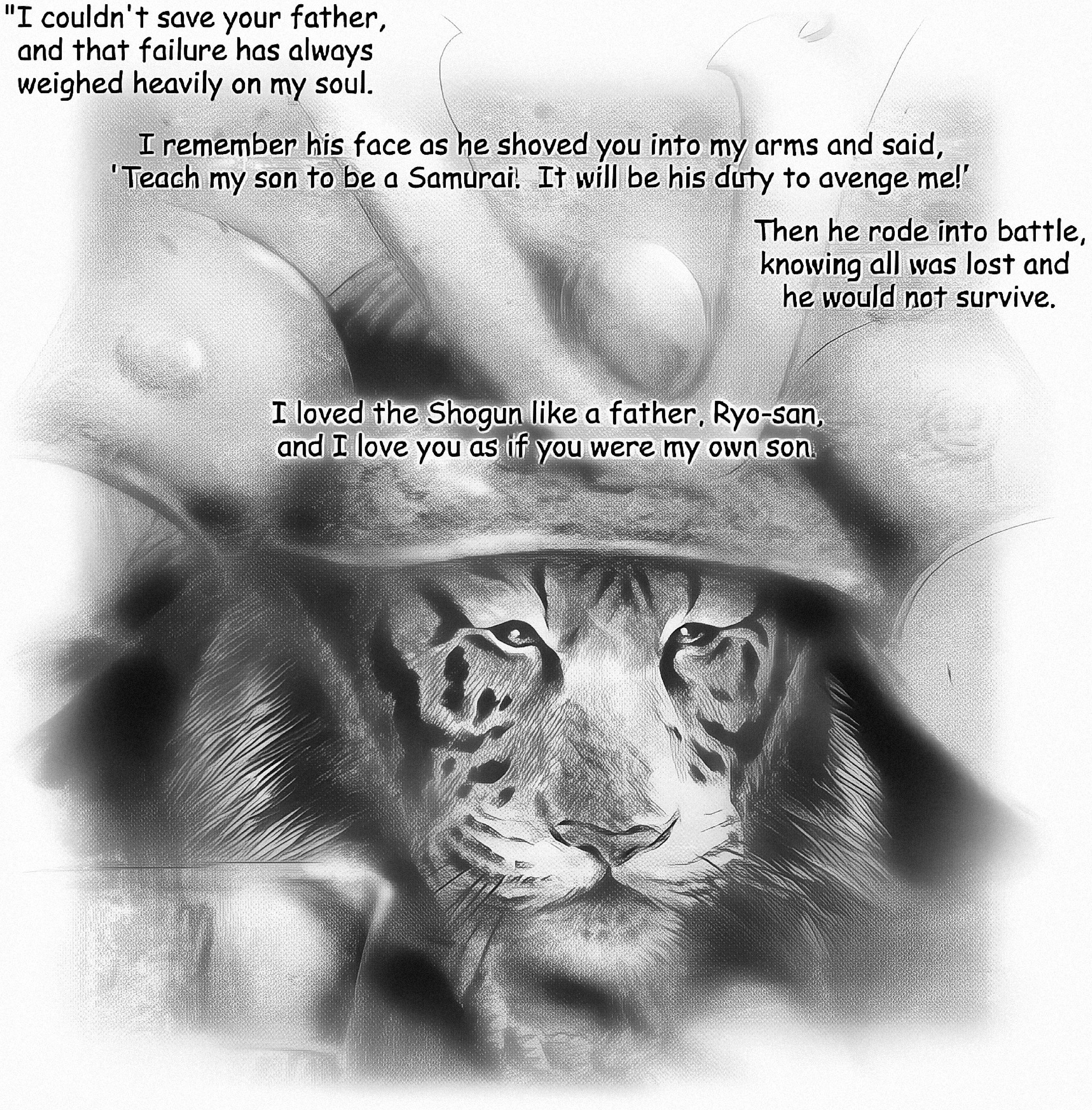

Well...
That was a sad display! Where was your mind?
I'm sorry, Sensai-san.
"Sorry" will not keep you alive, young man. You have much work to do if you ever wish to win back your father's Shogunate!
R-i-i-i-p!
Hai, Sensai.
Now...that will do until we reach the river. We can wash the cut as we bathe.

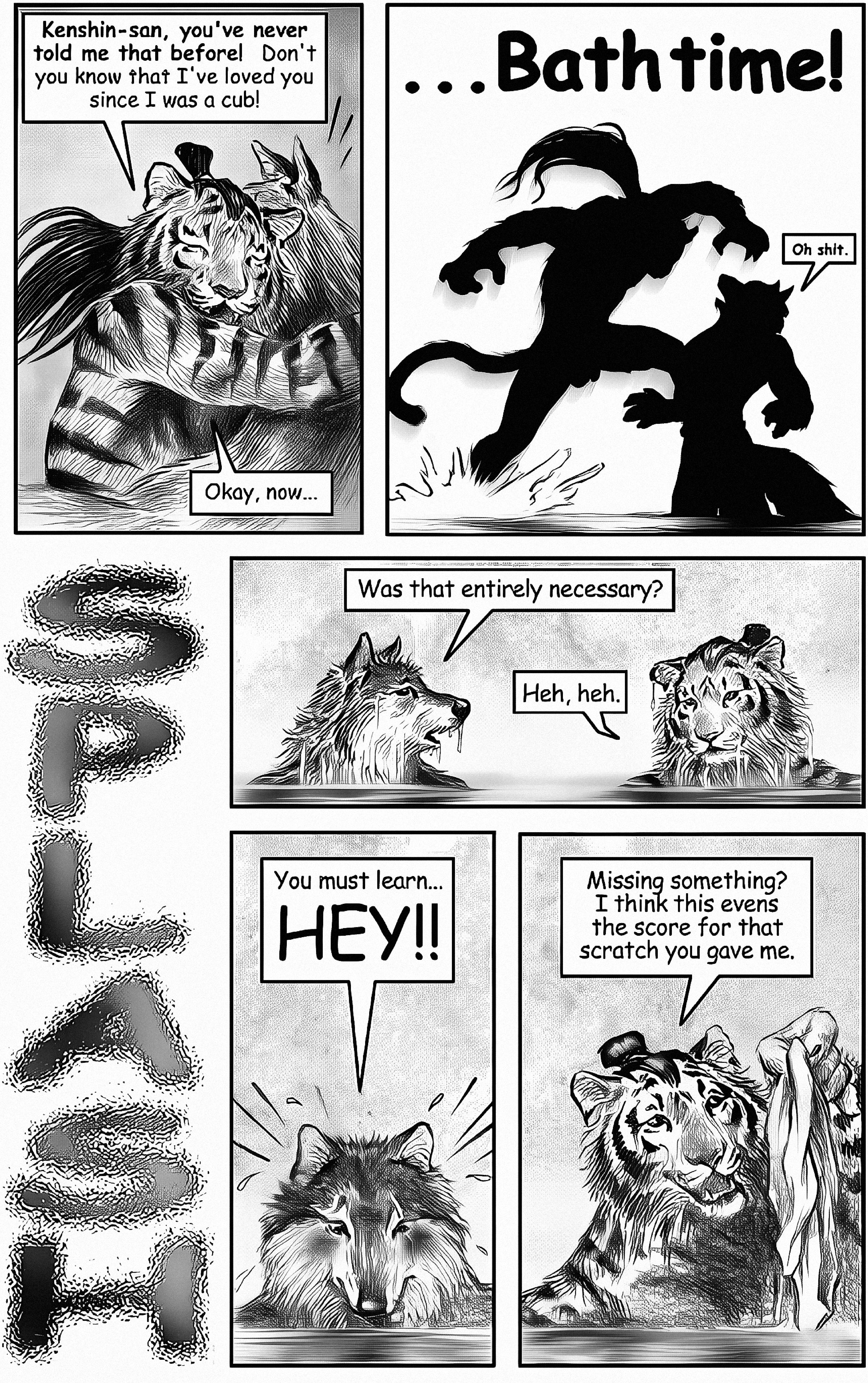

Sensai, when will I be skilled enough to fight Overlord Busu?
You have grown into a fine, strong fighter, Prince Ryo--
"But"?
But you are still very young and inexperienced. Busu is wiley and dangerous. He will be very hard to stop.
Perhaps you haven't noticed, but I'm no longer a child, Kenshin-san! You've taught me well. I'm ready!

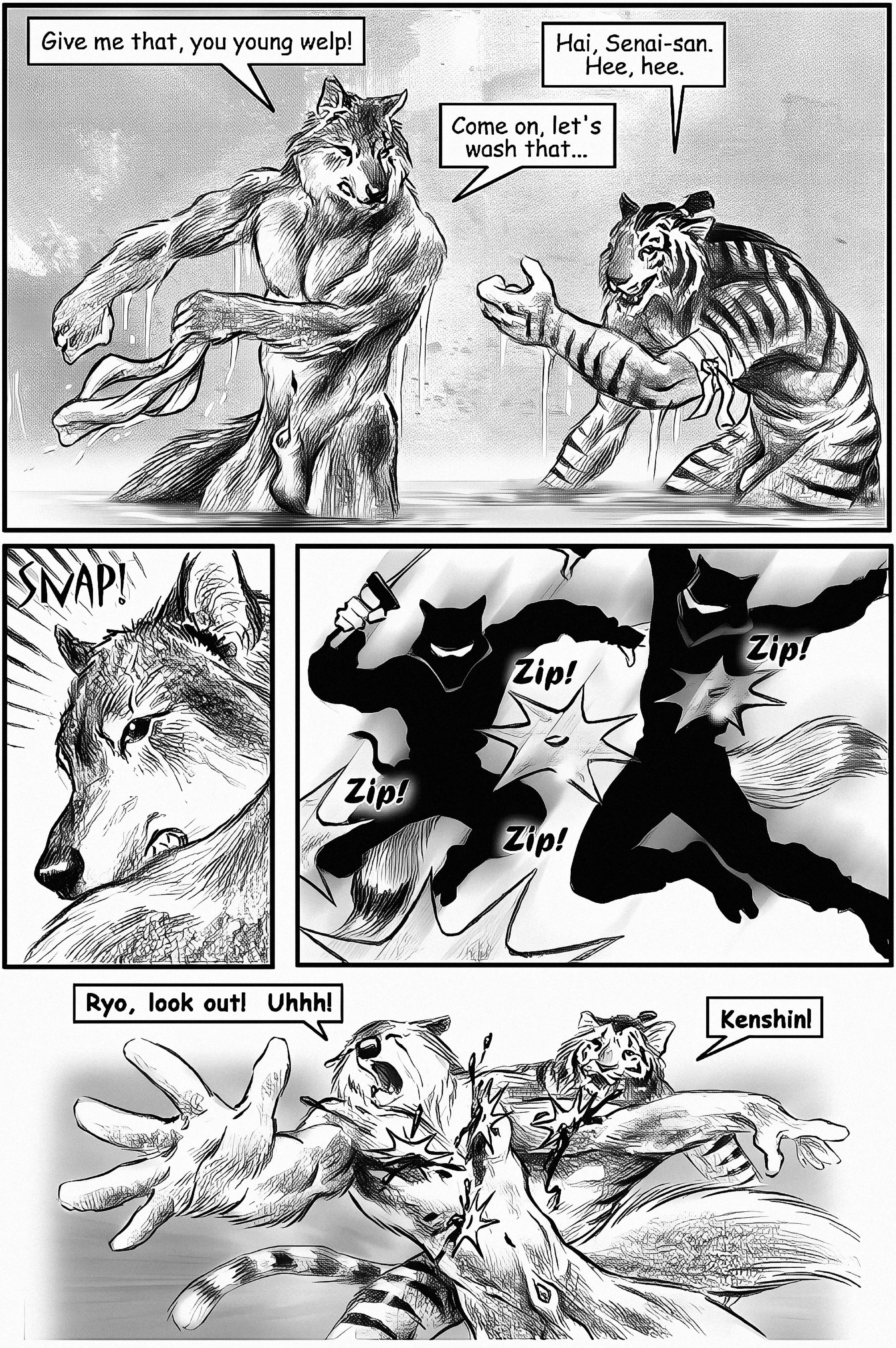

NO! You are not even close to being ready to face Busu! He won't scratch you and then help you wash away the blood. He will hack off your head and give it to his men to play ball with! I was your father's Samurai Master and I doubt that even I could kill that demon! Understood?
Hai, Sensai.

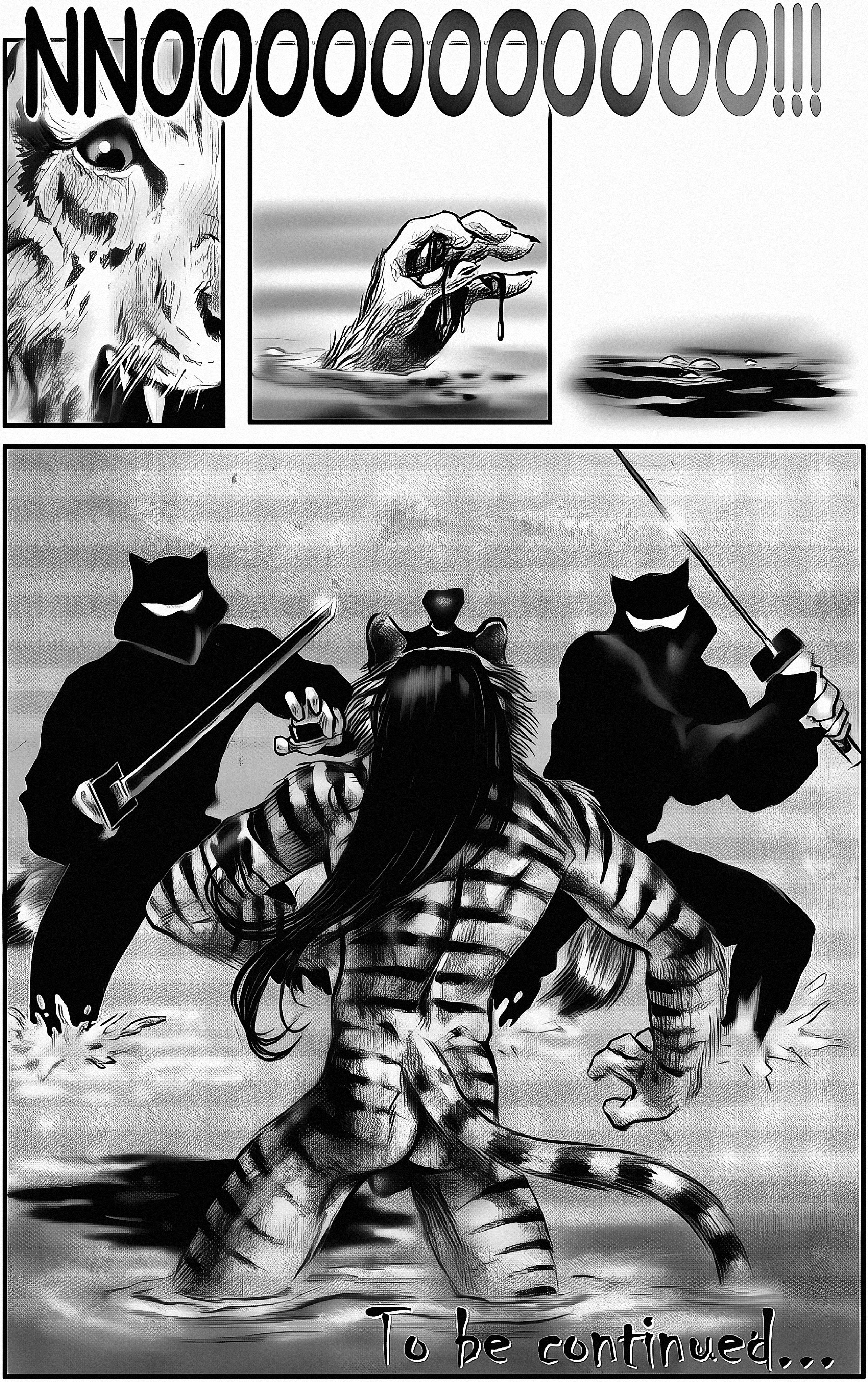

I'm sorry, Ryo-san.
It's just...I want to protect you.
I know.

Please forgive my outburst.


"I couldn't save your father, and that failure has always weighed heavily on my soul.
I remember his face as he shoved you into my arms and said, 'Teach my son to be a Samurai! It will be his duty to avenge me!'
Then he rode into battle, knowing all was lost and he would not survive.
I loved the Shogun like a father, Ryo-san, and I love you as if you were my own son.

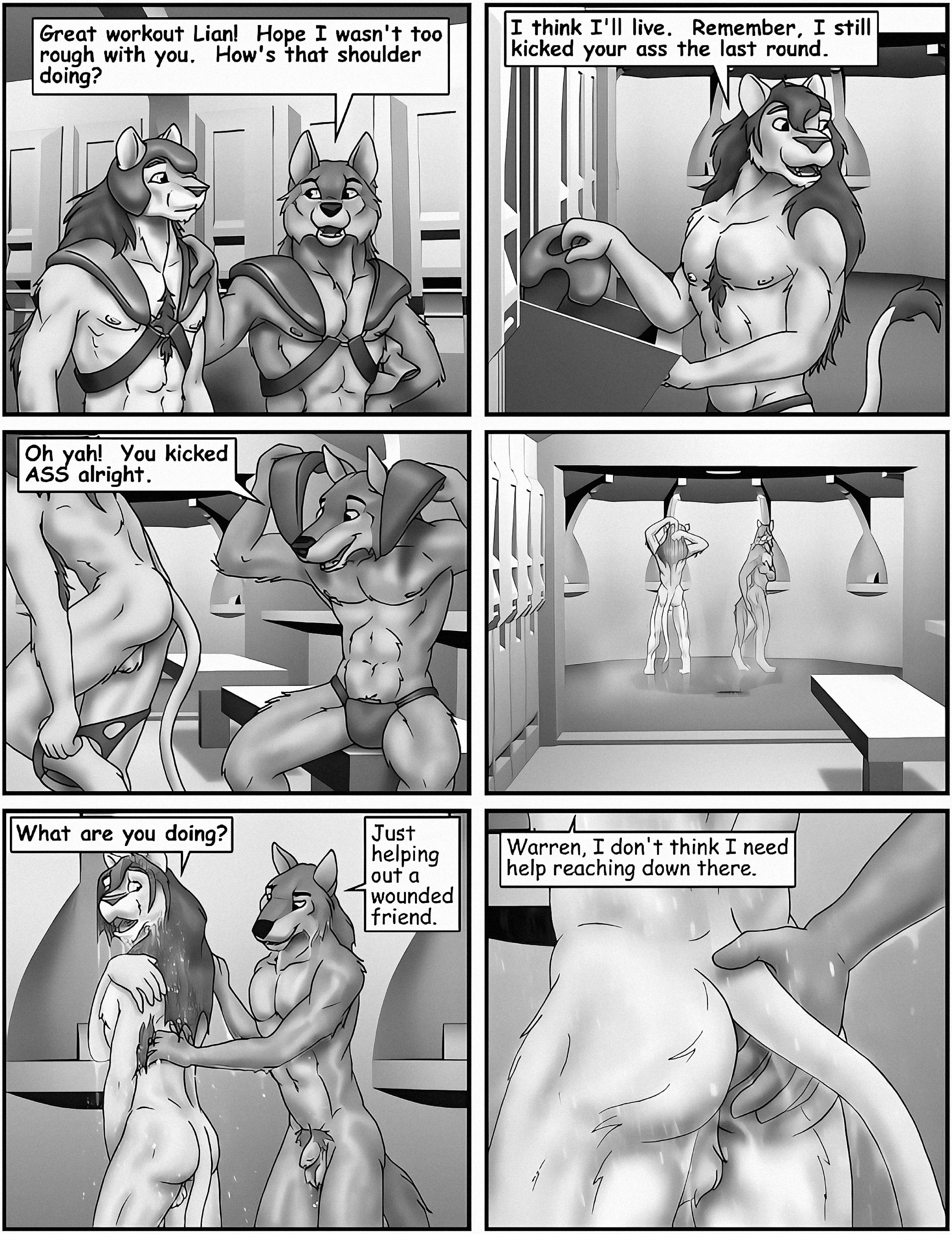

Kenshin-san, you've never told me that before! Don't you know that I've loved you since I was a cub!
Okay, now...
...Bath time!
Oh shit.
SPLASH
Was that entirely necessary?
Heh, heh.
You must learn... HEY!!
Missing something? I think this evens the score for that scratch you gave me.


Give me that, you young welp!
Come on, let's wash that...
Hai, Senai-san. Hee, hee.
SNAP!
Zip!
Zip!
Zip!
Zip!
Ryo, look out! Uhhh!
Kenshin!


NNOOOOOOOOOOO!!!
To be continued...

Hitting the Showers

Wookiee 2000


Great workout Lian! Hope I wasn't too rough with you. How's that shoulder doing?
I think I'll live. Remember, I still kicked your ass the last round.
Oh yah! You kicked ASS alright.
What are you doing?
Just helping out a wounded friend.
Warren, I don't think I need help reaching down there.

Maybe... But you can't tell me it doesn't feel good when someone else does it for you.
Well... I... I guess not.
...And if you think THAT feels good, You're gonna LOVE this!

I don't know if I can do this.
I'm not asking YOU to do ANYTHING.

Ooohhhhhhhhh...
Rrrrraaawwwwwwww!
Urrrrrrggggg! Oh-oh!
Hmmmmph... Jack-pot!
<chuckles> I wouldn't be surprised if the entire floor heard you.

You missed a spot.
It's an acquired taste.
Maybe one day, when you're ready, you'll find mine more to your liking.
But you haven't... I mean...
Oh, don't worry about me. I can take care of THIS later.
Ummm... WAIT!

What kind of friend would I be not to return a favor?
Now, what to do with THIS?
I think I know what you might like.
How did you ever guess?
Oh, call it a hunch.

Are you sure you want to do this?
Yes, I'm sure.
How uncomfortable can it be?

I want to see your face.
Let's try something else.
I feel silly like this.
You LOOK silly like this.

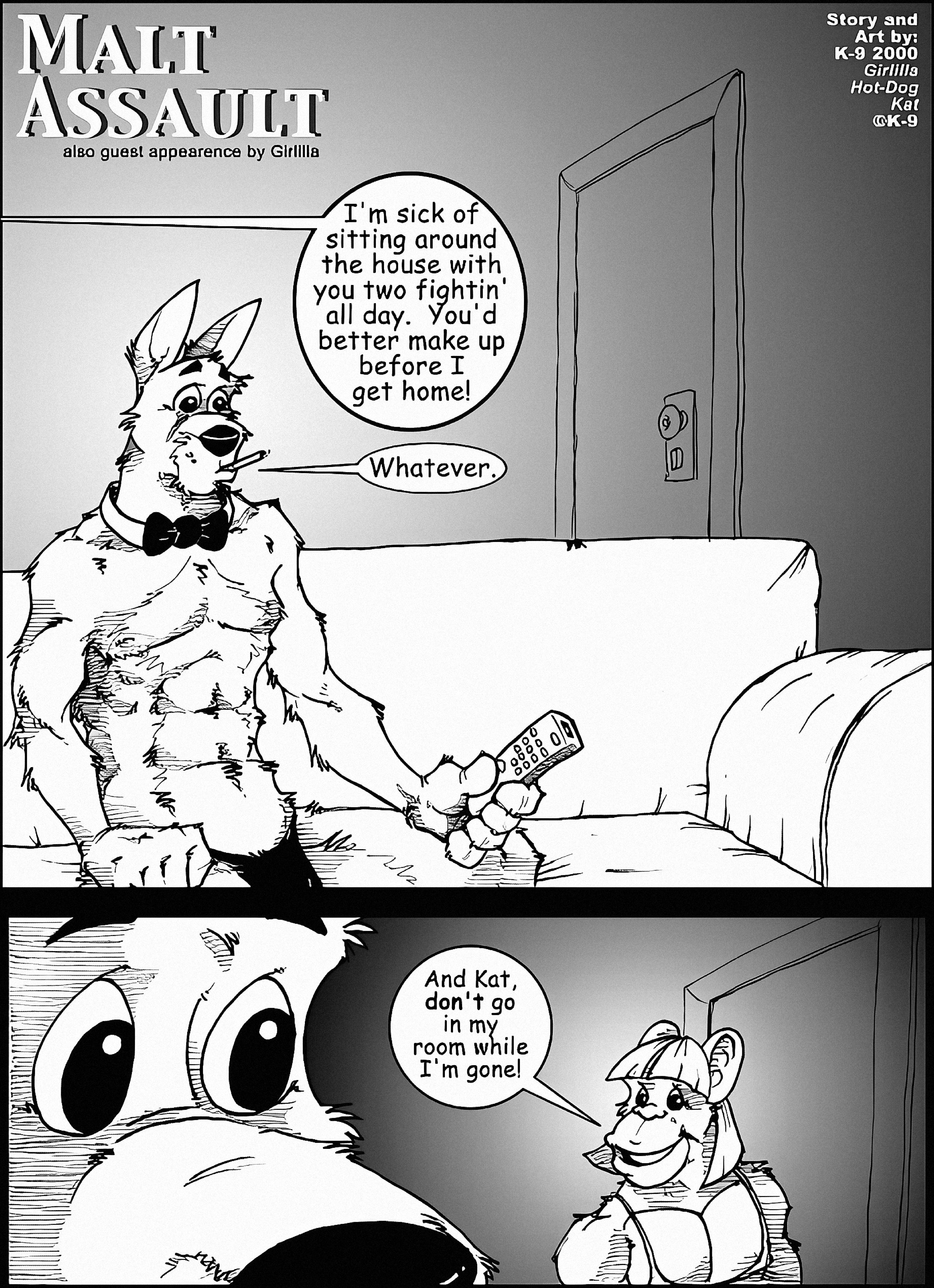
It still tastes awful.
<pant...> You get <pant...>used to it.
My girlfriend is going to kill me.
She doesn't have to know.
You're not going to convert him THAT easily Warren!
Looks like I am going to have to teach the BOTH of you a lesson in the proper way to get WET and STICKY.
End?

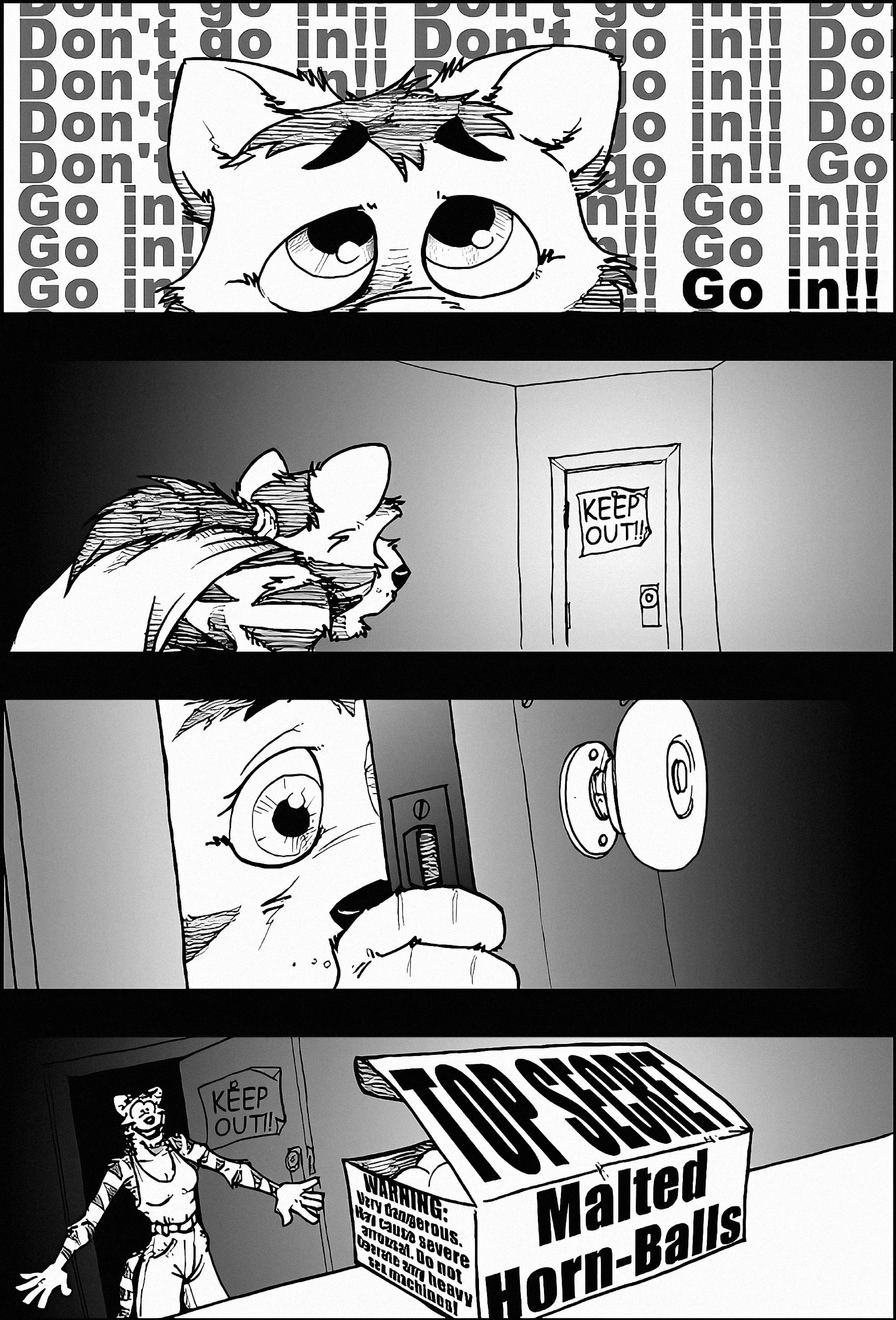
Hot Dog and Kat
Starring in:

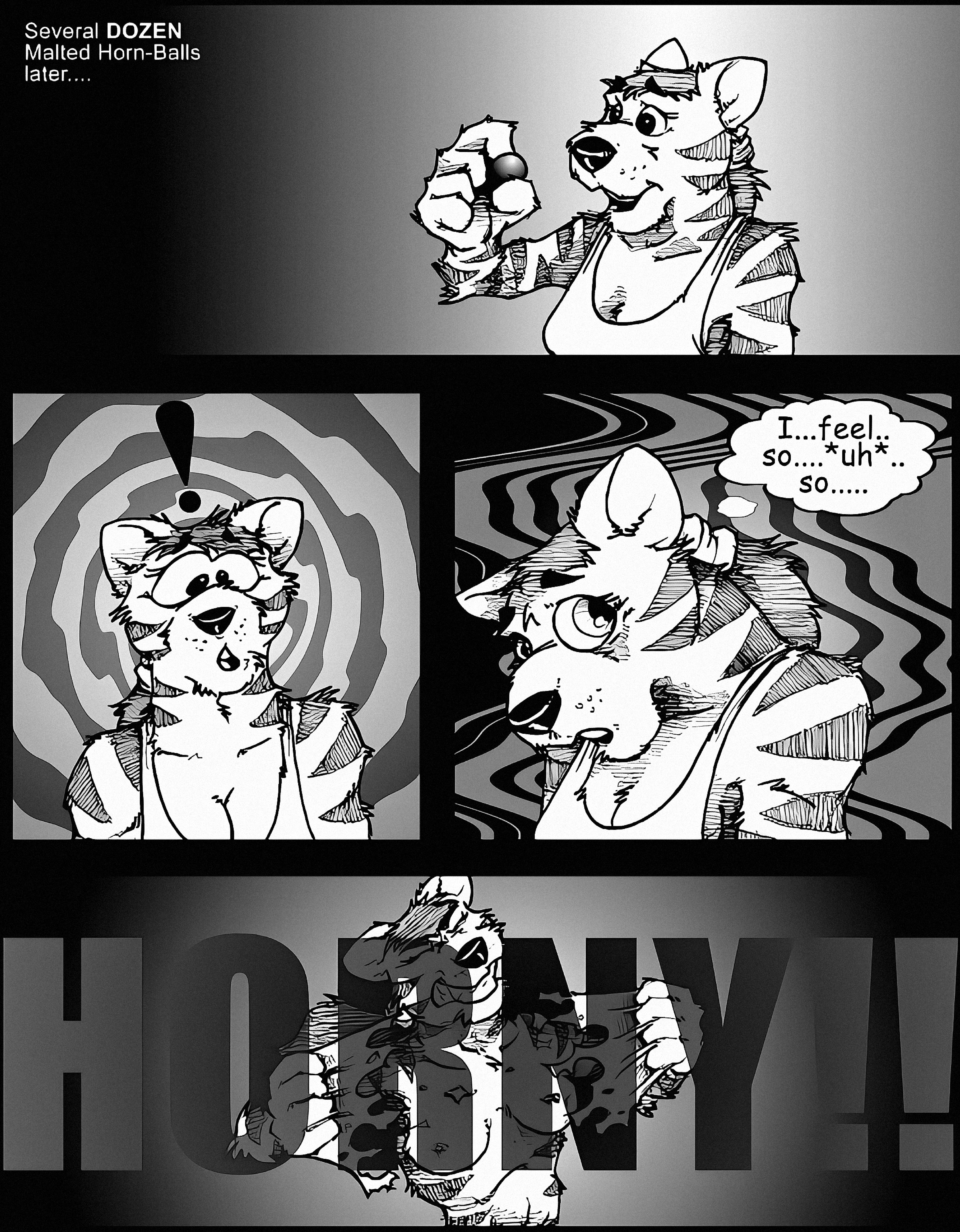
MALT ASSAULT

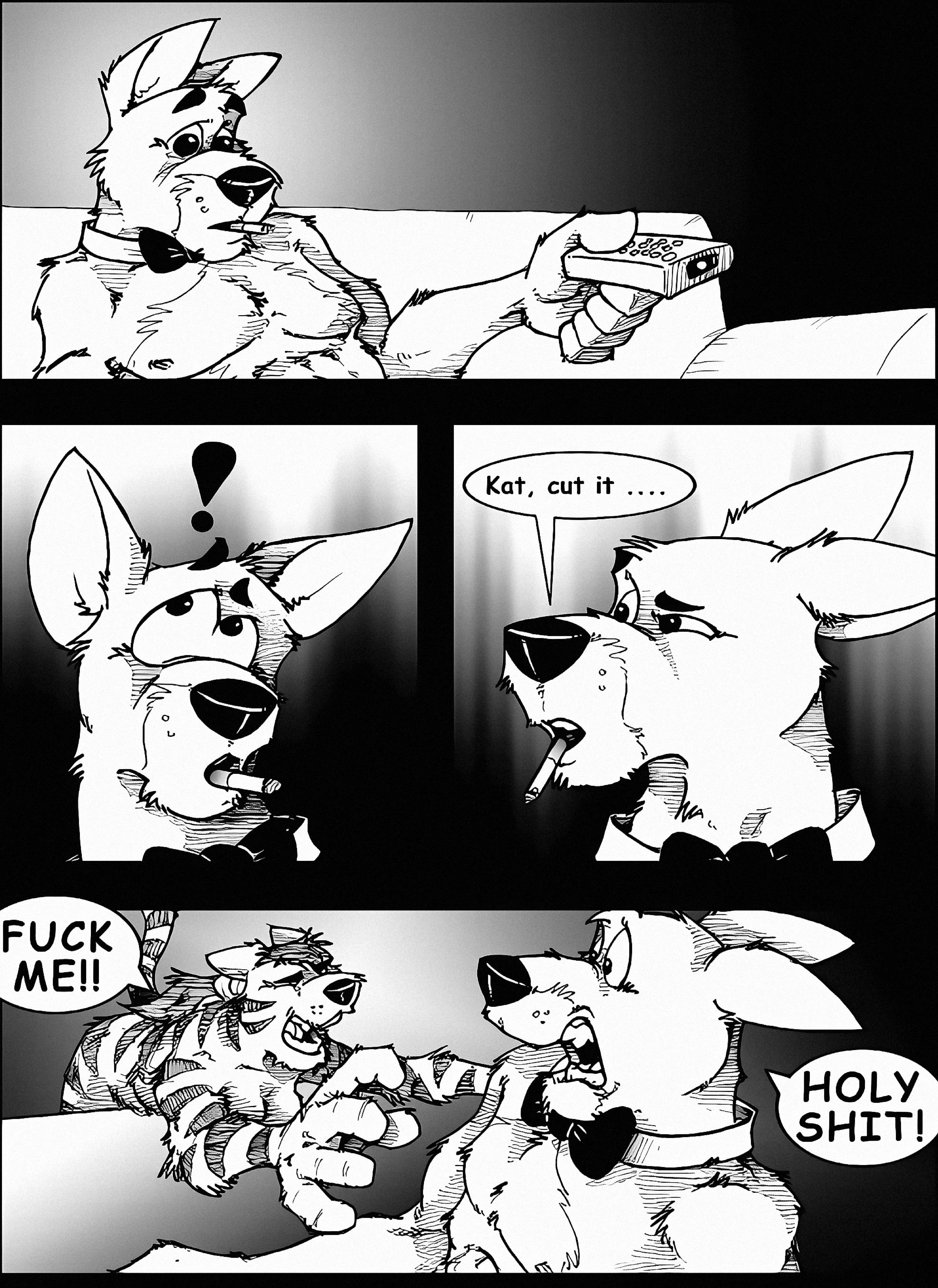
also guest appearence by Girlilla

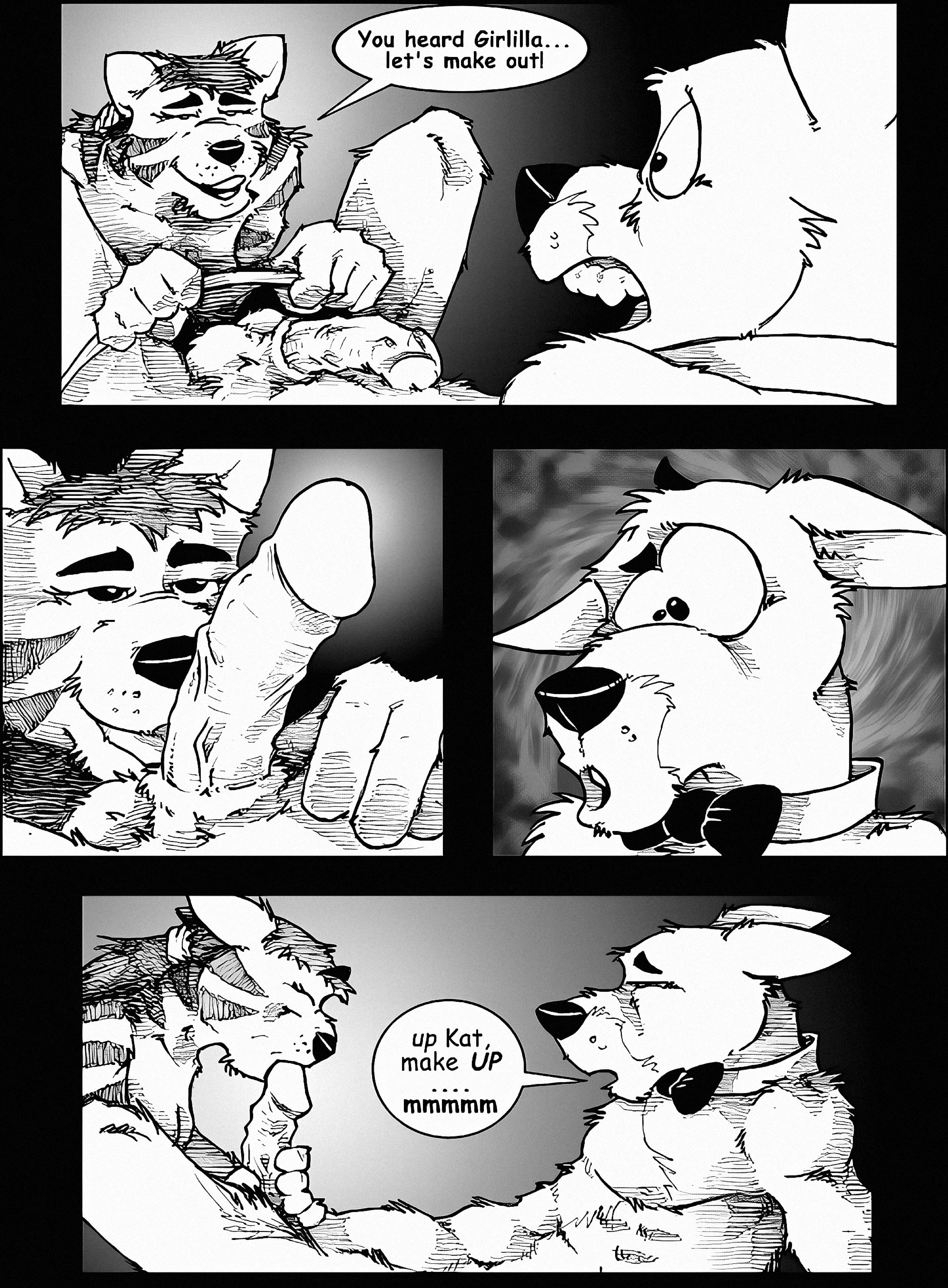
Story and
Art by:
K-9 2000
Girlilla
Hot-Dog
Kat
©K-9

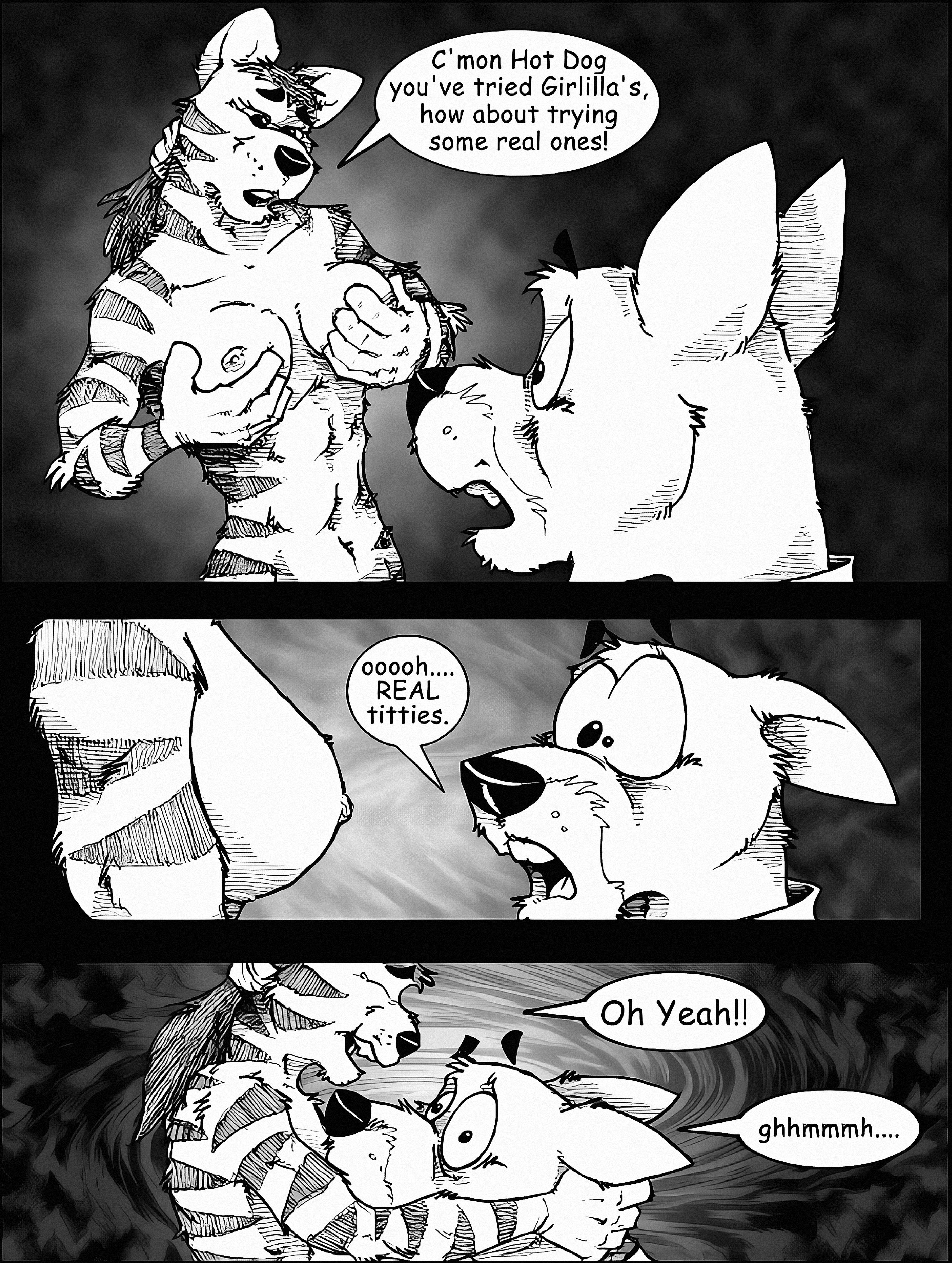

I'm sick of sitting around the house with you two fightin' all day. You'd better make up before I get home!
Whatever.
And Kat, don't go in my room while I'm gone!

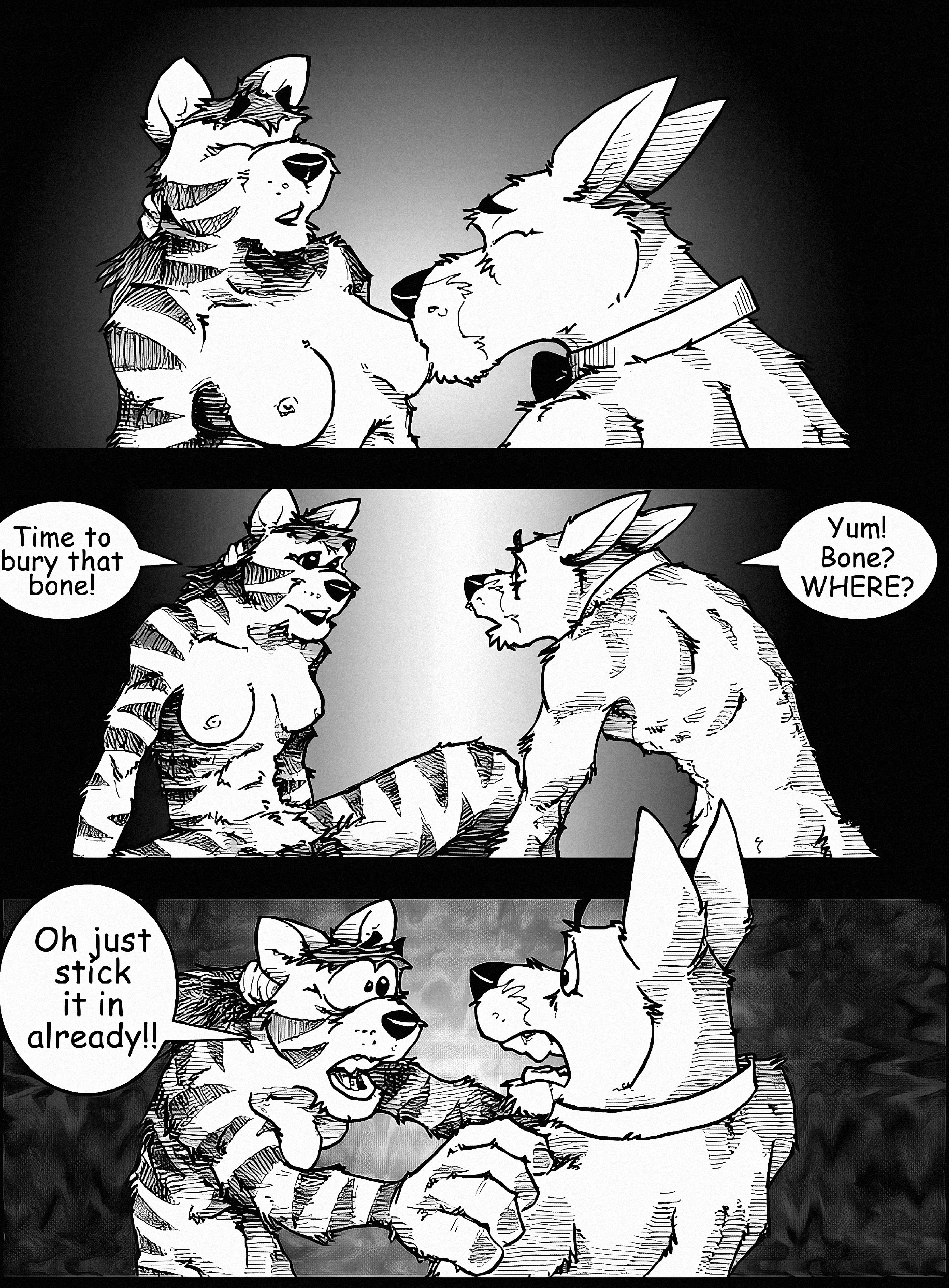

Don't go in!! Don't go in!! Don't go in!!
Don't go in!! Don't go in!! Go in!!
Go in!! Go in!!
Go in!! Go in!!
Go in!! Go in!!
KEEP OUT!!
KEEP OUT!!
TOP SECRET
WARNING: Very dangerous. May cause severe arousal. Do not operate any heavy machinery!
Malted Horn-Balls

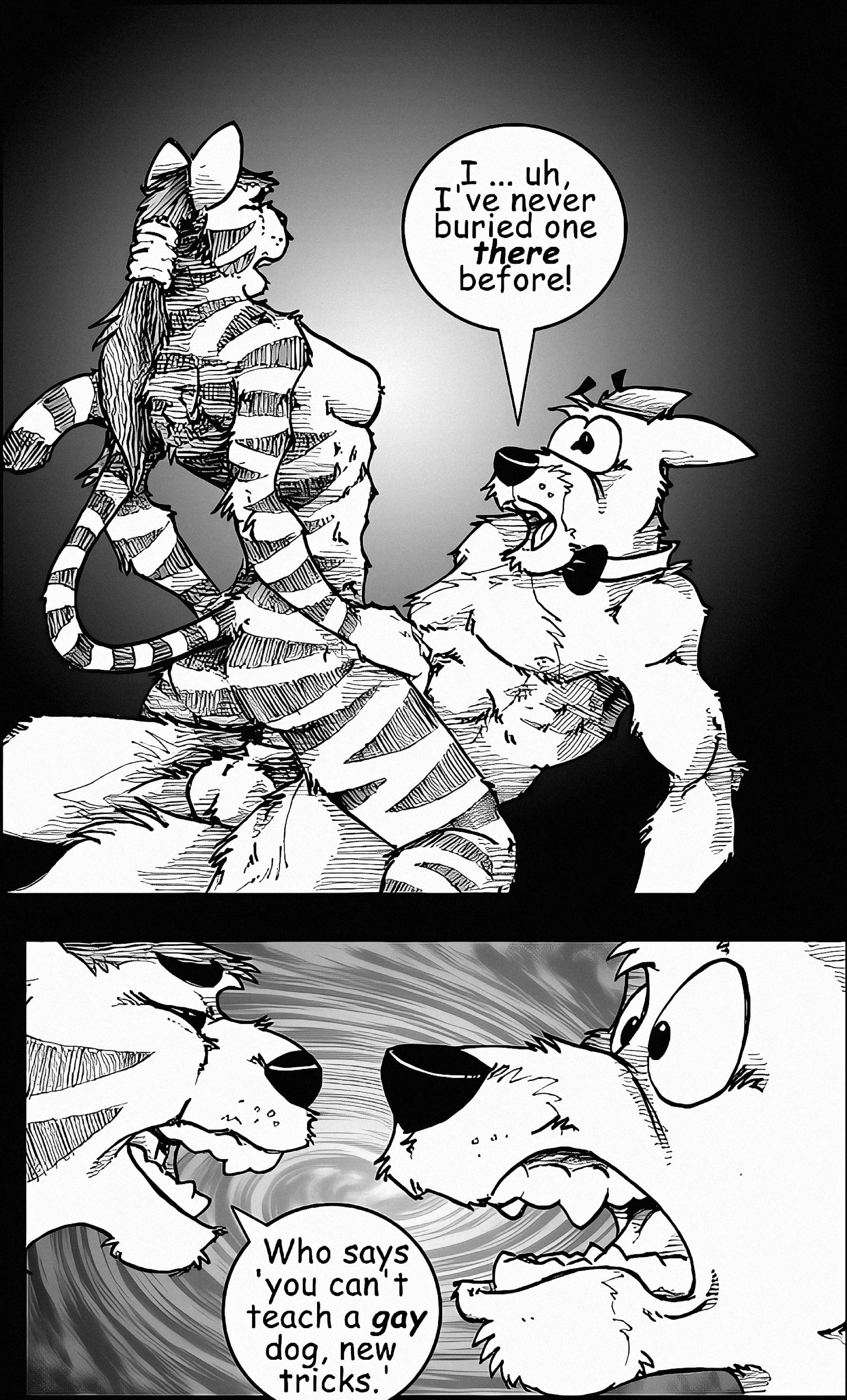

Several DOZEN
Malted Horn-Balls
later....
!
I...feel.. so....*uh*.. so.....
HORNY!!


!
Kat, cut it ....
FUCK ME!!
HOLY SHIT!


You heard Girlilla... let's make out!
up Kat, make *UP* .... **mmmmm**

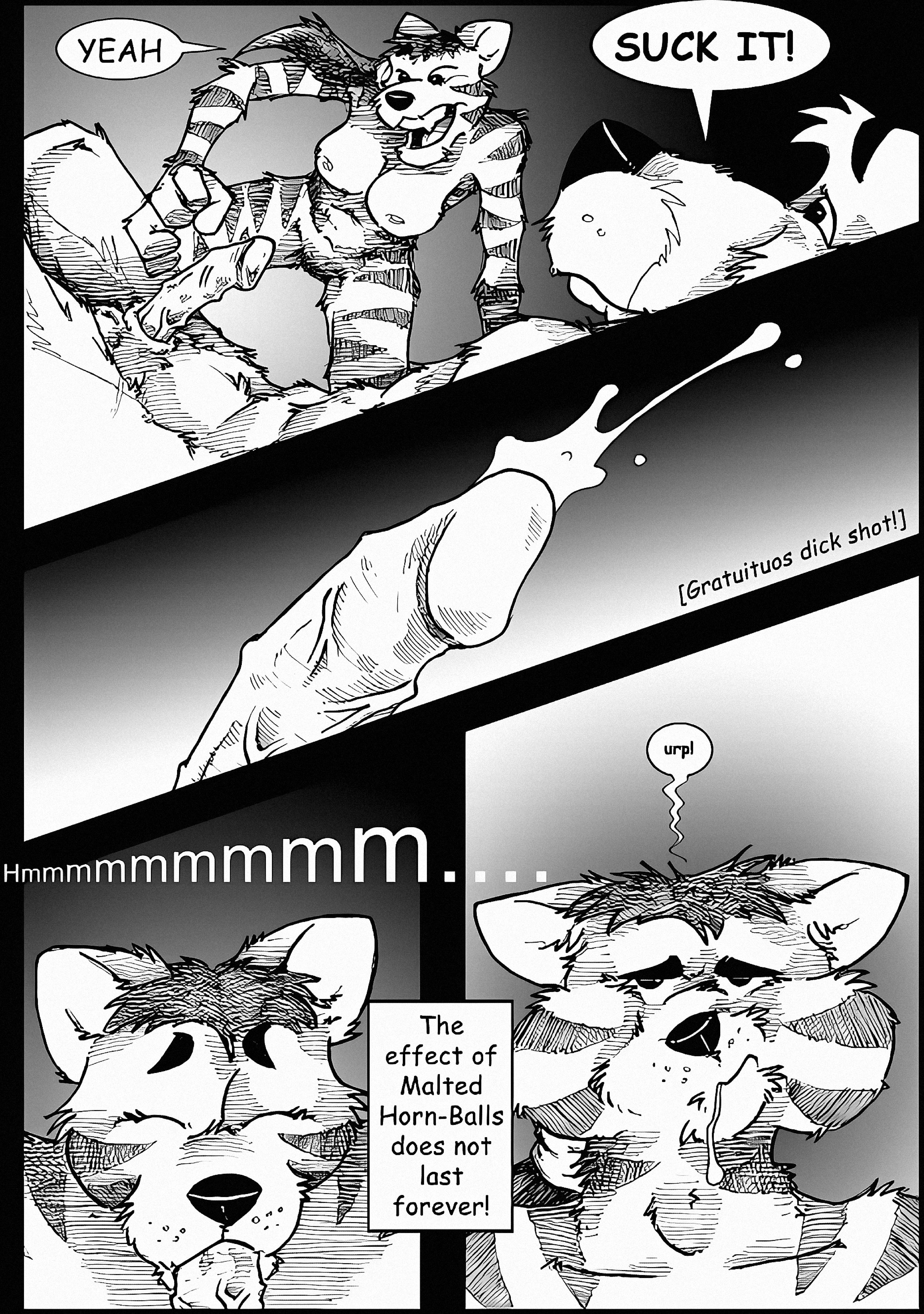

C'mon Hot Dog you've tried Girlilla's, how about trying some real ones!
ooooh.... REAL titties.
Oh Yeah!!
ghhmmmh....

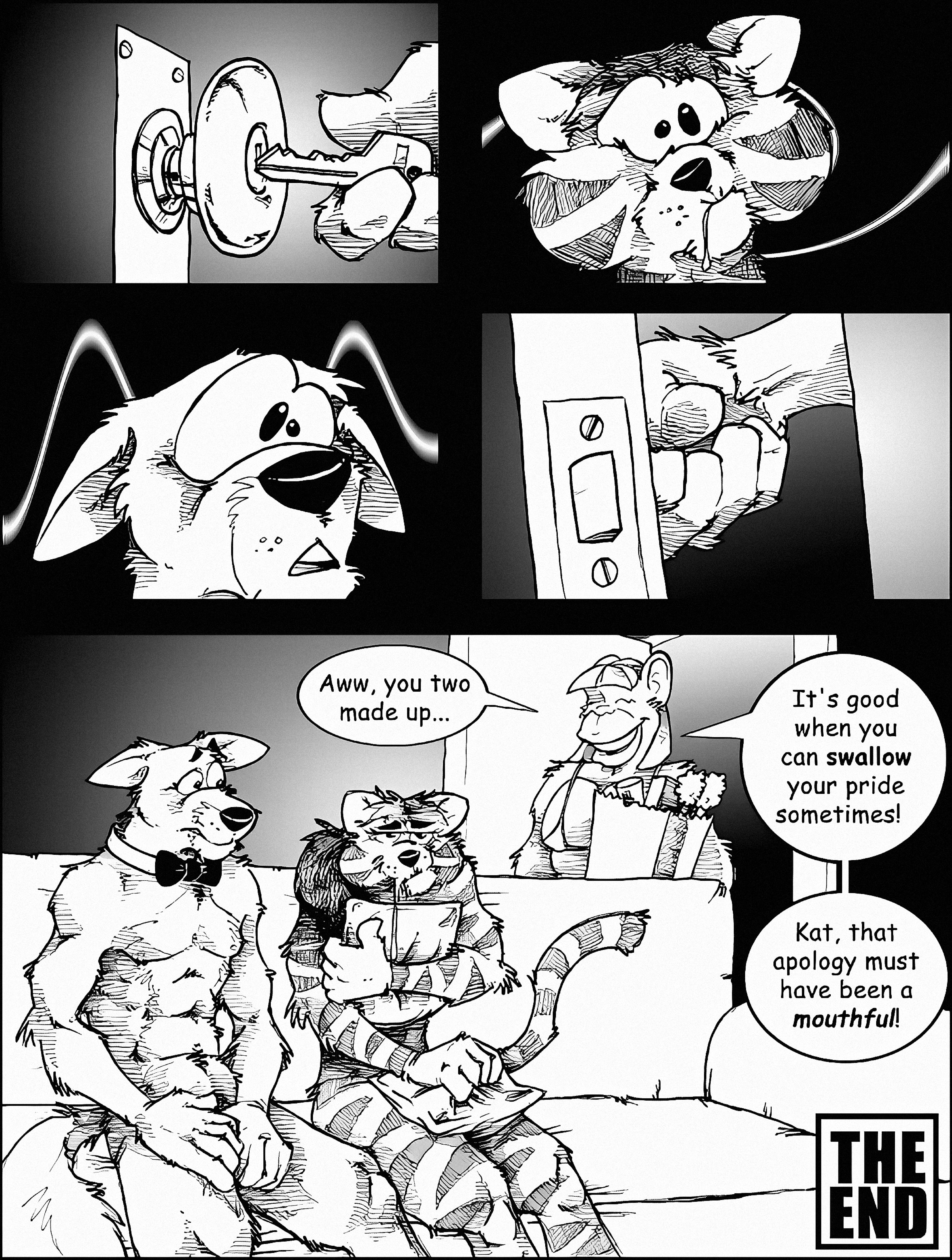

Time to bury that bone!
Yum! Bone? WHERE?
Oh just stick it in already!!


I ... uh, I've never buried one ***there*** before!
Who says 'you can't teach a ***gay*** dog, new tricks.'

Owww..Hey!
BITE!

Oh
YEAH!


YEAH
SUCK IT!
[Gratuituos dick shot!]
urp!
Hmmmmmmmmmm.....
The effect of Malted Horn-Balls does not last forever!


Aww, you two made up...
It's good when you can **swallow** your pride sometimes!
Kat, that apology must have been a ***mouthful***!
THE END

Caligula on the Caribbean

(...or Happiness is a Wet Pussy)

A mindless erotic romp by Razee

Lunden stood from his comfortable first class seat and reached for the overhead bin to get his bag. The flight in from DFW hadn't been long but it had been a little rough. He suddenly felt something rather large brush by behind him, apparently in a great hurry. He turned just in time to see a lovely spotted tail attached to a handsome, and seemingly feminine, feline backside in tight blue jeans already turning out the aircraft's door and up the jetway.

Lunden, lugging his oversized bag, made his way to the door and headed up the jetway himself. The only furs there were his fellow first class passengers. No spots anywhere to be seen. He hadn't checked any luggage so he made his way out of the airport terminal to catch the bus to the resort. It looked like waiting for the bus would be more like it. He had only caught a glimpse of it as it pulled away but he could have sworn he saw that spotted lady-cat seated in the back. Lunden plopped himself onto the provided bench to wait in the warm, early-afternoon sunshine for the bus's next run.

The bus was back fifteen minutes later and the trip to the lodge was both quick and uneventful. He checked in and was ushered over to a side room set up as a small briefing auditorium with the rest of the new guests. A magnificently handsome lion and a resplendent lioness, the primary proprietors of the fine resort, gave a lengthy but interesting (and occasionally even embarrassing) lecture on what was and was not acceptable behavior at the resort for the duration of this 'special week'.

The one special week out of every year when all of the highly respectable resort's normally staid mores and rules were thrown out the proverbial window. The week that the resort's guests often referred to amongst themselves as 'Caligula on the Caribbean'. And there can be no doubt that the famously hedonistic and often grotesquely perverted Roman emperor would have heartily approved of the open, freewheeling 'anything goes' eroticism permitted and even encouraged by the resort during this special week. However, he would also have been sorely disappointed by the stringently applied rules against anything nonconsensual or genuinely dangerous. It was precisely those implications of the darker side of sex associated with the name 'Caligula' that kept the resort from formally adopting the popular moniker for the event.

Lunden looked around him and quickly realized that somehow the resort was also being very selective in who was even allowed to attend for this week. Of the thirty or so furs around him for this briefing, not a single one was unattractive. And while Lunden knew that he wasn't ugly, he also knew he was a somewhat plain looking river otter with thick brown fur (except for the white of his throat and chest), heavy white whiskers, an average build (with only a hint of a paunch) and bright black eyes, but definitely not ugly.

Still, he had to wonder how close he had come to not making the cut. He imagined they had probably decided when the guests all went for the required physical exams and testing in the weeks before actually arriving at the resort. In addition to the doctors having cleared them health-wise, the management had apparently cleared them on other factors as well.

As soon as the meeting was over, Lunden headed up to his room. Once there, being the otter that he was, he simply dumped his bag on the bed, changed into a swimsuit and headed directly for the pool.

Lunden's eyes widened as he walked back out into the main hallway. A smallish male mouse wearing only a pair of dark blue shorts walked by with a much larger and very nude female cougar on a short leather leash. She was smiling and otherwise unbound though and Lunden saw a distinct bounce in her stride. As the seemingly mismatched couple passed, Lunden also noticed that she whiffed strongly of sex. Looking back over his shoulder he quickly saw at least part of the reason why. A small leather cuff tightly encircled the very base of her tail and it was obviously holding something up her rear. Lunden couldn't quite see what it was bobbing beneath her thickly furred fundament but it seemed that the pretty lady feline was enjoying it thoroughly with each light-footed step.

As he made his way down to the pool he came upon an even more incredible sight. In the side lobby that led to the pool, a heavy wooden framework had been erected to one side of the door. A huge chestnut stallion stood hanging within the frame whinnying piteously, apparently in profound frustration. He was completely nude, squirming and reluctantly thrusting his hips. A nearly naked female wolf knelt between his massive thighs wantonly licking his heavy testicles while working her well-oiled paws up and down his hugely rampant shaft. An equally under-dressed and curvaceous lady lop-eared rabbit was standing to one side and drizzling strawberry scented (flavored?) oil onto the horse's massive erection as she narrated the amazing scene for the small crowd.

"Ooooo he's doing really well, don't you think folks? Better not let go big boy. And don't you dare mess up our nice clean tile either. Well, no more than you already are anyway." She taunted, pausing for a moment to gently bite and lick his right nipple.

Precum flowed thickly from the head of the stud's cock, dripping down in long sticky-white strings onto the otherwise immaculate tile. Clearly the massive stallion had not climaxed for some time. At first Lunden had thought that the writhing and snorting horse was actually bound to the sturdily-built frame but after a second look it was clear that the stallion was simply holding tightly to the upper crosspiece just above his wildly tossing head. Finally tearing his eyes from the horse's ordeal, Lunden noticed the large painted sign beside the frame.

"Hey studs! Hold on and hold out against our best for fifteen minutes and win your choice of a brand new jet-ski, an HDTV or a top-of-the-line computer!"

There was a large light and siren bar, like off of a police car, mounted up above the top of the frame. For the moment it wasn't turned on. On even closer inspection, Lunden could see that the horse's hands were, in fact, clamped down on large, spring-loaded switches set into the upper frame. His hooved feet also appeared to rest atop switches set widely apart in the frame's lower crosspiece. Obviously if he lifted either his hands or his feet from the switches, the lights would go off, betraying his lack of fortitude.

"That's it stud. She's just giving you a little rub and a lick, nothing to lose your load over big fella. Though I'm sure it must be quite a load by now." The curvy bunny sing-songed up into his twitching left ear while straddling his muscular thigh and rubbing her barely concealed crotch over the short, smooth fur there.

A comically huge stopwatch hung next to the frame as well. Apparently the desperately horny stallion had managed to hold out for eleven minutes so far but the talented wolf bitch had his hips rocking hard now. He was snorting and whinnying with a deeply passionate vibrato. His fevered thrusting was slowly forced to match the ever-quickening pace of her pumping hands. Her long, clever tongue teased his throbbing genitals mercilessly. Lunden seriously doubted the big stud could hold out for another four minutes against such a skilled and determined assault.

The rabbit seemed to agree with his evaluation.

"Uh-oh folks I think someone's getting ready to pop," she soon sung out.

But just to hedge her bets, she reached around the straining horse's back. She rubbed one of her paws over the firm muscles of his frantically humping ass, giving him a little smack now and then. Then suddenly the lop-ear's fingers dipped beneath his glossy tail, her thick furry digits probing very close to his openly vulnerable anus. He reared up hard, clenching down instinctively, but to her great surprise he didn't quite lift a foot from the switches as so many males did when threatened there. Still, she had broken his already wavering concentration and that quickly proved to be more than enough.

Shaking his head hard, knowing he was lost, the big stallion's cock finally exploded, jetting hard with two minutes yet to go. The rabbit slapped a button on the side of the frame setting off the lights while the she-wolf diligently made certain that the moaning and mildly cursing stud's 'consolation prize' was a memorable one.

Lunden just smiled and headed on out to the pool. As he did, he noticed that a svelte and confident-looking leopard was already shucking his shorts to take the stallion's place. Lunden doubted that the resort gave out many jet-skis, or TVs but he also doubted that the losers were really all that disappointed.

As he came out onto the patio he felt a gentle tap on his shoulder. Turning back, he found himself almost nose-to-nose with a rather cute black-footed ferret in a nearly non-existent string bikini.

"Hi I'm Reesa. I noticed you in there watching the stallion. I was watching too and I was wondering uhm... Well I kind of thought it was pretty uhm... stimulating." She smiled shyly, although she was clearly pleased with herself for coming up with a relatively elegant way of phrasing it. "I was wondering if maybe you did too? Or even if you didn't," she continued hurriedly, realizing that many males would take offense at being asked if watching another male had aroused them. "...maybe you'd still like to come over to one the tents there and uhm... help me with that for a few minutes?" she asked, her dark eyes shinning brightly from behind her natural, irregular mask of black fur.

Lunden grinned broadly, both flattered and interested. Though he'd prefer not to admit it, he actually had found the spectacle somewhat stimulating too.

"Well howdy Reesa, I'm Lunden and I'd love to come help you with that lil' ole itch of yours, darlin. Kinda got one of my own too, just 'bout the time you walked up. Must be catching." He winked. Lunden's drawl tended to get a bit thicker around the ladies. "I betcha we can find a way to scratch'em both at the same time, doncha think?" Lunden smiled his most charming smile and held out his hand. She smiled again and took it, tugging him over to one of the small tents set up on the lawn, just off the patio. They chose a bright blue one with an open flap-door, which they promptly closed.

Not quite half an hour later Lunden emerged feeling considerably more relaxed but definitely in need of some fresh air. Reesa remained inside in an even more relaxed state. Both of their needs thoroughly satisfied, she had soon curled up for a little nap. Lunden closed the tent flap behind himself so that she wouldn't be disturbed.

Once again he headed for the pool. And there was that damn spotted cat that he'd seen earlier. The big lady jaguar was playing water volleyball in the pool with a number of other furs. Finally getting a good look at her Lunden decided she was probably a few years older than he was but she was still a positively magnificent sight to behold. Lunden had always had a soft spot for felines, well maybe 'soft' wasn't quite the right word, but he had never really come across a lady feline who shared or really even tolerated his passion for the water. As he watched the beautiful big cat frolicking in the pool with the others, he knew he simply had to meet her. He quickly headed that way, intent on introducing himself at the first opportunity.

"Paging a Mr. Lunden Reynolds?"

"Paging Mr. Reynolds?"

A voice called out from behind him. Lunden turned to find a young male civet wearing the neatly pressed white shorts and shirt of the resort staff, heading his way and hollering his name.

"I'm Lunden Reynolds."

"Sorry to bother you sir but I have a phone call for you. They say it is vitally urgent." The young fellow held a portable phone out to him.

Lunden frowned, one of the resort's rules for this week was no contact with the outside world. There where no phones, computers or pagers to the outside world anywhere in the complex, not for the guests to use anyway. He wondered what was so damn important that the resort was willing to break its own rules.

"Hello."

"Lunden? Shit man, I'm glad they found you."

"Dave?"

"Yeah Lunden. Now listen: Where in the hell did you put the form 244s? We have got to have them in Chicago by tomorrow afternoon or we are screwed for making the IPO next month. Where are they?"

Lunden groaned.

Five minutes later...

"OK Dave you got them?"

"Yeah Lun. Gonna drive 'em down to FedEx myself. They'll be there in the morning. Now go enjoy yourself."

"Later..." Lunden switched off the phone and handed it back to the waiting civet. He quickly turned back to the pool. The lovely lady jaguar was nowhere to be seen. He walked on over and even had a short swim but he never did see her. Eventually he gave up and went back to his room for a quick nap before dinner.

Refreshed by his nap Lunden headed back out to find the jaguar he'd constantly spied since the plane but still hadn't caught up with yet. He almost immediately spotted her by the bar on the patio. Moving quickly, he caught her eye as he made his way through the crowd around the buffet. She smiled charmingly and Lunden felt his heart beginning to pound hard in his chest. As he moved closer, he realized just how big she really was. Not really a problem he thought to himself but still, he had to admit she was somewhat intimidating. Undeterred, he pressed on.

However, just as he caught up with her a very large male cougar stepped up and embraced her. The cougar was currently nude, as many chose to go here. With the quick appraising glance that most all guys give each other under such circumstances, Lunden decided that the big fellow was equipped to single-handedly redefine the term 'swinging cat'. He and Lunden's lovely jaguar strode off towards the main dinning room, arm-in-arm, before he had even gotten close enough to properly introduce himself. She looked back over her shoulder and gave him a little shrug. She was still smiling though.

His preferred partner seemingly already spoken for, a disappointed Lunden decided that a little time to himself was the order of the evening. He politely brushed off the advances of a petite lady vole and wandered away from the pool area. Earlier he had noticed an isolated lagoon well to the south of the resort and a sunset swim there sounded good.

The full moon was already well up into the sky and the sun was almost touching the horizon as he picked and wriggled his way through the thick brush surrounding the lagoon. No one was there. He could see where a couple of small fires had been lit in a circle of rocks in the past, but looking at the pristine sand around them and the rest of the small bay it seemed as if no one had been here in a long time.

'Damn. If the place is this deserted, then I sure as hell ain't wearing these flippin trunks.' He thought to himself, stripping off the tight blue swimsuit and tossing it over a convenient bush. The swim trunks had been chosen more for how they showed off his ass than for comfort and getting them off was a relief. He dove in heedless as to whether or not it was deep enough to do so. Luckily it was, but not by much. Most of the lagoon was pretty shallow. Just a little over his head although some parts where a little deeper.

Lunden swam and dove and floated and occasionally simply shot himself wildly around the little lagoon, chasing small fish and cavorting as otters are often wont to do. The last tiny piece of the sun was slipping below the horizon when he heard a sudden rustling in the bushes. He turned in the water and was shocked to see a certain gorgeous lady jaguar approaching his secluded swimming hole through the tangled brush-line.

"How's the water, river rat?" she husked in a friendly sort of way, looking and sniffing lightly in the direction of his abandoned swim trunks still draped over the bush.

She seemed even more stunningly beautiful than the times he'd seen her earlier. Her thick, golden-yellow and white fur seemed to glow in the fading sunset except where darkness itself seemed to ooze from her ebon spots. She was heavyset and thickly built as her species tended to be but Lunden knew that nothing he saw was fat. All of her curves where definitely in their proper places and he could see heavy muscles flexing under her fur as she moved. In fact, he thought it a wonder that her bikini top's slender strings didn't break as they strained to hold in the firm, white-furred masses they only just barely contained.

Lunden leisurely treaded water as he starred at her, still somewhat stunned that she had followed him there. He remembered that she was at least a full head taller than he was and probably close to twice his weight but that still didn't stop him from feeling a distinct stirring in his loins as her long, well-spotted tail swayed lazily behind her.

"I noticed your noticing me earlier." She smiled sweetly, seeming interested. "I saw you heading off this way when Bill, that over-endowed and under-clued cougar you saw me with, and I were headed to dinner. When things didn't quite work out with him, I thought I'd come and see where